

PUCK AND LUCK

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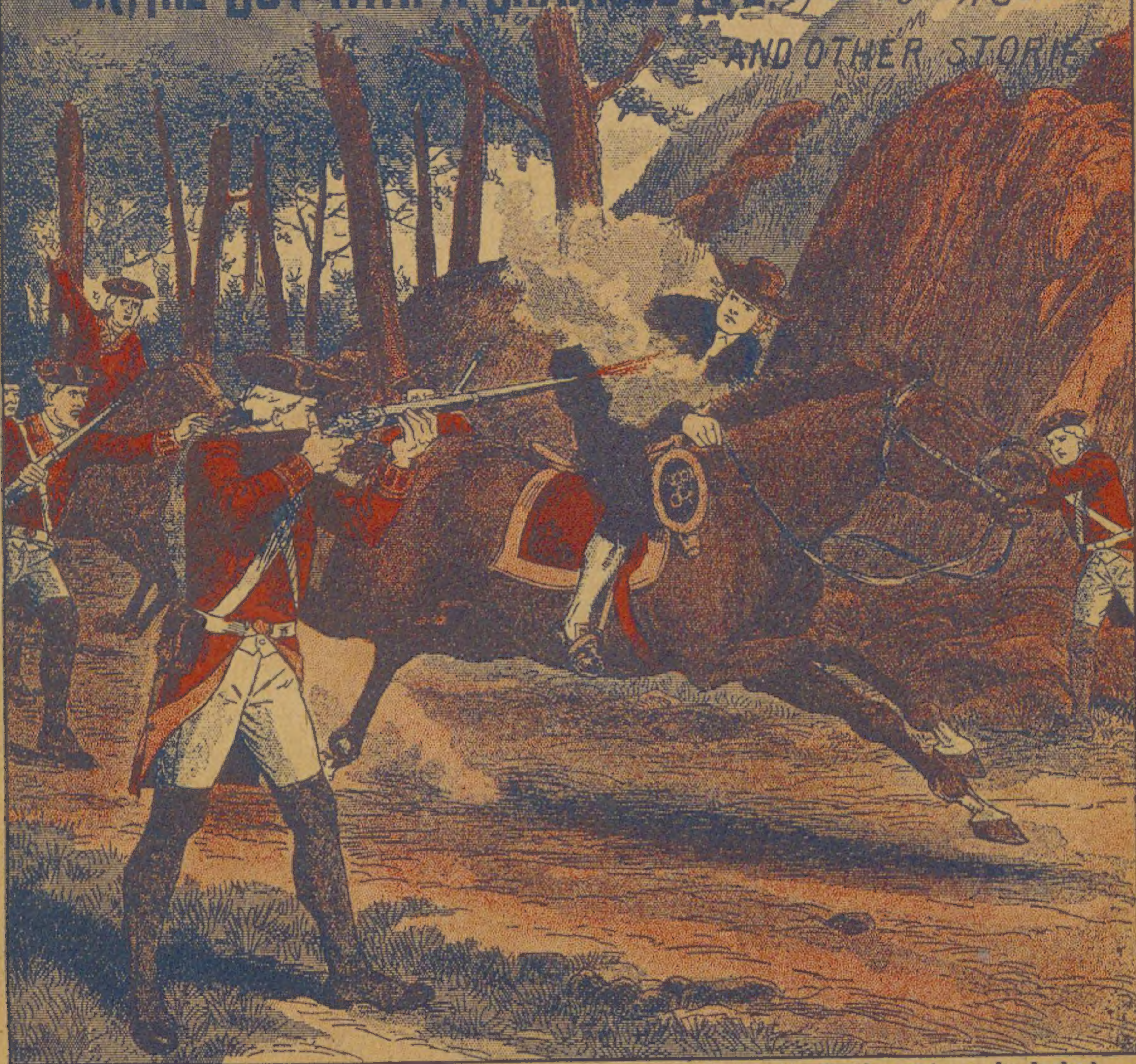
No. 1240

(439)

NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1922

Price 7 Cents

THE SPY OF SPUYTEN DUYVIL; OR, THE BOY WITH A CHARMED LIFE *By GEN'L JAS A. GORDON* AND OTHER STORIES



"Halt! Halt!" came in sharp tones from the sentry. But he didn't halt. On the contrary, he dashed at the sentry at full speed. "Halt there!" came again just a moment later. Bang! Bang! Two sentries fired, and the horses plunged forward.

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Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Spy of Spuyten Duyvil

OR, THE BOY WITH A CHARMED LIFE

By GEN. JAS. A. GORDON

CHAPTER I.—The Old "Pewter Mug" Tavern.

In the summer of 1777 Sir Henry Clinton, commanding the British forces in New York City, was preparing to march up the Hudson to meet Burgoyne, who was coming down from Canada by way of Lake Champlain with an army of 10,000 veterans. It was a brilliantly planned campaign, designed to cut off the New England States from the West and South, thus dividing the colonists so as to render them an easy prey when the victors should turn upon them in detail.

Sir Henry used every means in his power to induce the American generals to think he either did not intend to move, or, if he did, to go in another direction than the one agreed upon. He doubled his line of sentinels all around the city, and enjoined extra vigilance on the part of officers of the guards to prevent the American generals from finding out what was going on inside his lines. Several spies were caught and summarily shot. Yet every movement was known in the American camp a few hours later, in spite of all the vigilance of the sentinels.

One day a youth of about 18 years of age was seen down at Bowling Green, in the lower part of the city, going about like a country boy naturally would in a city. One would instantly place him as a farmer's son, or hired boy, who had been sent in with produce, and having sold it was walking around seeing the sights. He went down and looked at the shipping for an hour or so, and then strolled along through Water street in the direction of Wall street. When he came to the "Pewter Mug" tavern, kept by old Hans Wrangel, he looked up at the sign, as if debating with himself, and then felt in his pocket for coin. He selected a small coin, placed it in his waistcoat pocket, and went in. An elderly man dressed as a well-to-do citizen in those days had been following him all the morning. He was on the opposite side of the street, a little in the rear, when the youth entered the tavern.

"He wanted to make sure he had the price of a flip before going in," the man muttered to himself, as he stood over the way. "And that does not look as if he intended to go there when he walked up this way. I'll go in and have a mug of flip myself, and have a peep at old Hans' pretty daughter. She is as pretty as the man is shrewd, but always looks as innocent as a babe. Hans is all things to all men for the little penny. Rebels and kingmen go there, both seem satisfied with his loyalty. He

keeps good ale, and makes a fine flip, and the money he takes in stays with him, and I dare say he has a snug sum laid by for his old age."

He entered the tavern in a leisurely way. The main room was a large one, with sanded floor and large open fireplace. The bar was on the right from the street entrance. A number of tables were there, and about a dozen men sat by them, some drinking ale, others flip and still others smoking pipes. Hans Wrangel, the landlord, was there with white apron on, looking after the comfort of his guests. Among the latter were two brawny redcoats who had been drinking ale there for several hours, and saying nonsensical things to pretty Freda, old Hans' eighteen-year-old daughter, whenever she filled their mugs for them.

The man who had followed the country boy into the tavern sat down at a table, not far from the youth, and called for a mug of ale. Freda brought it to him, took the money, and went back to the bar without having exchanged a word with him. While he was drinking his ale, Freda went to the farther end of the room to get two empty mugs to fill. As she passed the youth she deftly slipped a bit of white paper into his left hand. He put it into his pocket and quietly resumed sipping his flip. There was only one person in the room who saw the little incident—the man who had followed the youth in there. He smiled and kept a strict watch on the youth from that moment. By and by he beckoned to the girl and held up his empty mug. She at once brought him another mug foaming with good old English ale. As she placed it before him, he said:

"Can you tell me the name of the young man from the country over there? His face seems familiar to me, but I am quite at a loss to know where I met him."

"His name is Jared Holmes," she replied, without once looking in the direction of the youth.

"Jared Holmes. I don't know that I ever heard the name before. Where does he live?"

"Across the river, I believe. Father buys milk, butter, eggs and other things from his father, who owns a farm over there."

"Across which river?" the man asked. "There are three, you know," and there was the faintest bit of a smile on his face as he asked the question.

Instantly she seemed to remember something. She looked at him and asked, in the most innocent way in the world:

"What three?"

"Why, the Hudson, the East River, and the Harlem," he answered.

"Oh, yes. The Harlem is way up at the other end of the island, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Does it run into the Hudson or into the East river?"

"Into the East river, I believe, and——"

She was called away to wait on the two redcoats, so he did not finish the sentence. His eyes followed her to and fro, while a smile lingered about the man's mouth.

"She dodged my question by asking me one," he said to himself, "and that means that she did not intend to give me any more information about him. He is either a spy or else her sweetheart. If he is a spy and not her lover, she is a spy, too. If he is not a spy, but simply her sweetheart, it is quite natural she should refuse to tell a stranger anything about him in times like these. If he came in with anything from the farm, he must have a permit from the commandant of the post. It won't be any harm to ask him to show it. I'll wait and see when he goes out."

Others came in, while some went out, but the man called for his third mug of ale, and seemed contented to sit there and help at making old Hans Wrangel rich. By and by he saw Freda stop by the table of young Holmes, take up his half-empty mug, hold it in her hand while speaking to him in a half whisper. He thought he saw the young man cast an eye in his direction, but was not sure of it. At any rate, he was satisfied that she had called the youth's attention to him, for as soon as she left him, with the mug in her hands, his eyes followed her, and then glanced over at him.

Their eyes met. The youth seemed to be as much at ease as the other, for he watched the girl as she brought him the foaming mug again, and had a few words to say to her in a low tone of voice. She nodded her head two or three times as he spoke, and then a smile brought out the dimples to adorn still further her beautiful face. She passed on, and young Holmes quietly sipped his flip and looked over at the two redcoats at another table. They were stalwart fellows, and were now quite mellow from frequent potations.

"They are just in the humor to do anything," the youth muttered to himself. "I'll try it, anyhow," and he finished his mug of flip and rose to leave. He passed close to the table of the stranger on his way out, but did not seem to notice him. In another minute he was out on the street, going up toward Wall. Ere he had gone twenty paces, he saw the stranger come out and follow him in a careless, leisurely way.

"Oho!" and he chuckled to himself. "I'll show you how to do things, my man. I am not waiting for you to lay your hand on my shoulder and tell me I am your prisoner. Men are shot on suspicion just now, and I am not asking anybody to shoot at me. Come on, my good friend."

The youth went on up the street, turned toward the river front and strolled southward again. He would stop now and then to look at the shipping, as that gave him a chance to look round to see if he was being followed. Yes, the

man was on his trail. He was there, apparently strolling about, looking at the shipping, too. Satisfied on that point, the youth turned up the next street and made his way back to the "Pewter Mug" tavern. He entered and found the two stalwart redcoats still there. Going over to them, he leaned over and said in a low tone of voice:

"I am a loyal kingsman and have a permit to bring farm produce into the city to sell to the citizens and soldiers. This morning a man came in with me, passing under my permit. I am satisfied he is a spy. You had better seize him when he comes in here, and take him before the Provost Marshal."

"Yes—where is he?" one of the redcoats asked.

"He is just coming in now. You want to be on your guard, as he has two pistols and a dagger concealed about him. Better seize him before he can use them, as I think he is a desperate man."

The two redcoats eyed the man as he came in and sat at another table, and waited for him to call for his ale. Pretty Freda served him, but had a half-frightened look in her eyes.

"Give me a mug of your good old ale, lass," he said to her.

As she went for it, she looked over at Holmes. He was still with the two redcoats. When he had half finished the ale, the two redcoats arose and strolled over toward him, as if to leave the tavern. On reaching the table, they threw themselves on him with such force as to overturn the table and the chairs around it. They rolled on the floor with him. He struggled hard and uttered fierce imprecations, while old Hans Wrangel and his other guests crowded about them, calling for peace.

"He is a rebel spy!" sang out young Holmes.

That created a sensation. Holmes made his way to Freda's side, pressed her hand, and whispered:

"I had to do it!" and then slipped out into the street, unnoticed by any one in the tavern.

CHAPTER II.—"He Is the Spy!"

Out on the street young Holmes chuckled and laughed to himself.

"He won't follow me any more to-day. They'll find out the trick after they take him to headquarters and send word to the guard to look out for me. I won't wait for that, for I don't think I could pick up any more news to-day. I'll go over at once."

He made his way up the Bowery, which was then a country road leading up to the Harlem River. The main force of the British army was encamped up that way, and the line of sentinels extended across the island from the East river to the Hudson. It was that line he would have to cross to get out of the city. Farmhouses were here and there on both sides of the road. One of them belonged to old Peter Hardway, a very successful farmer and a good patriot.

He had a son in Washington's army and two pretty daughters at home. They knew Jared, but as he was the son of a very poor widow up above Spuyten Duyvil Creek, old Peter very much objected to his coming about his two daughters. Owing to the fact that he frequently brought them news or letters from young Jared,

Hardway, the mother and daughters were always glad to see him. Jane Hardway, the elder of the two sisters, a girl of twenty, was in love with him, but he was more partial to the younger daughter, Kate. Yet Jane was the prettier of the two, but Kate had more of the spirit of rebellion in her.

It was nearly sunset when Jared reached the Hardway place, and he resolved to wait there till the stars came out, as it was easier to cross the line under cover of darkness. Creeping into the barn, he concealed himself in the hay up in the loft to wait for night. He was there when old Peter and his hired man came in to feed his stock. The latter began pitching down hay with a pitchfork, the old man distributing it to the cattle as it fell about him. Suddenly the pitchfork struck young Holmes. He seized it, jerked it from the hired man's hands and threw it down to the old man. It being quite dark up there, the hired man gave a yell and went tumbling down after the pitchfork, landing on top of the old man.

"What's the matter with you?" the old man cried out.

"There's somebody up there, sir."

"What! Somebody in my barn? Go and bring me my gun."

The man ran to the house for the gun. The farmer's wife refused to let him have it, saying she would have no shooting about the place. She and the two girls suspected that Jared Holmes was about, so they went down to the barn with the hired man.

"Who is it, father?" Jane asked, as soon as they joined the old man, who was talking to some one in the stalls.

"Oh, it's that Spuyten Duyvil spy!" growled the old man. "If somebody doesn't shoot him, he'll cause me to be hanged by Sir Henry Clinton. Take yourself off now, you lazy lout, afore I break all the bones in your body!"

"Why, Peter!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardway. "He is the friend of our Joe!"

"I don't care if he is. I won't have any spy about here. Why don't he go and fight it out like Joe does. Get out and keep away from here!" and the irate old farmer gave him a savage kick as he spoke.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Hardway," said Jared, very coolly. "That is a little more than I can stand," and with that he knocked the old man down with a blow between the eyes.

The mother and daughters screamed, and the hired man dashed in to help the old man out. He got a blow between the eyes for his trouble and went to grass. The old man sprang up again, but was again downed. The hired man sprang up and imitated the old man.

"Better lie there if you want to live, my man," Jared said to him, and he lay there to see how the old man would come out.

Old Peter was a tough old fellow. He was game, too, but the youth had the advantage of being on his feet and more handy in the use of his fists. He went down a half dozen times without saying a word. Then Jared said:

"Tell me when you think you have enough, Mr. Hardway!"

"I'll kill you!" hissed the old man, struggling to his feet again.

"Yes, you've almost killed me now," returned Jared.

The women had run back to the house in great fright, leaving the three men alone at the barn. The hired man had no idea of getting up on his feet as long as hostilities continued, so the old man was at the mercy of the youth who wouldn't be kicked. Down he went the seventh time. The old man then decided to stop right there.

"What do you want here, Jared Holmes?" he asked.

"Nothing from you but an apology for that kick, Mr. Hardway," was the reply.

"Well, I won't do it!"

"Then you'll sleep where you are to-night. I never hit a man when he is down, but when you get up I'll be here to meet you."

"Zeke, why don't you get up and help me?" the old man asked.

"'Cause he's most killed me, sir," the hired man answered him.

"Get up when I do—now!" and the old man sprang up.

Zeke arose to a sitting posture. But when he saw the old man fall again, he laid down and assumed the position of a neutral. Just then the sound of horses' hoofs on the road was heard opposite the barn.

"Help! Help! Murder!" yelled the old man at the top of his lungs.

"Hello! Are we having murder here?" exclaimed one of the two men on horseback, coming to a halt.

"It seems so, major," replied the other one.

They were two British officers—a major and captain.

"Well, let's see about it," and they both dismounted and ran toward the three.

Jared seized a pitchfork as they ran up. In the deep twilight he saw that they were two officers with drawn swords.

"Kill 'im!" cried the old man. "He is the Spy of Spuyten Duyvil!"

Jared swung the pitchfork around and struck the furious old man on the side of the head, stretching him senseless on the ground.

"Aw! Run him through, captain!" cried the major, making a pass at him with his sword.

Jared parried the thrust with the pitchfork and prodded the major in the ribs, giving him four wounds at one blow. The major tried to seize the implement, but Jared jerked it away and charged on the captain with it. He jammed him up against the side of the barn till the tines struck the boards behind him. The captain groaned and the major charged again. Jared met him with the terrible pitchfork and forced him to retreat.

"Attend to the old man there, major," said Jared. "I am not through with him yet, but really can't wait any longer," and with that he rushed through the gate, sprang upon the major's horse and dashed away up the road at full speed.

The major was astounded. For a minute or two he was at a loss to know what to do. He heard both the captain and old Peter groan. But he and the captain were hurrying to strengthen the picket line to catch the spy when they stopped to interfere.

"He is the spy!" hissed the officer. "I'll fol-

low and catch him at the line!" and he ran to the captain's horse, sprang into the saddle, and dashed away in hot pursuit.

On, on the two rode. Both horses were good ones, and the hard road was clear in the starlight. Jared reached forward and drew a pistol from the holster of the major's and held it in readiness for use. He passed soldiers, who got out of the way to let the furious rider pass. Then they saw another in pursuit and wondered. On rushed the major, confident that the pickets would stop the fugitive. He was urging the captain's horse to his utmost speed, hoping to be near enough to shoot him down with the pistol, should he attempt to dismount and take to the woods. They drew nearer to the line of sentries every moment. Jared held his breath as he recognized his peril. He saw little lights at which the soldiers were preparing their meal for the evening, and knew that the sentries were just a little beyond them.

"Halt! Halt!" came in sharp tones from a sentry.

But he didn't halt. On the contrary he dashed at the sentry at full speed.

"Halt, there!" came again just a moment later.

Bang! bang! The two sentries fired, and the horse plunged forward on his knees, throwing Holmes clear out of the saddle against one of them with such force as to send them both rolling in the dust. Quick as a flash Jared sprang up and darted away into the woods just as the major rode up and sang out:

"Did you get him?"

The sentinel who had been knocked down struggled to his feet, picked up his empty musket, and said:

"I don't know. Who was he?"

"A rebel spy!"

CHAPTER III.—A Despoiler Despoiled.

As soon as he was safely in the woods, Jared Holmes hurried up the Harlem river toward Spuyten Duyvil Creek. He knew where he could get across without detection. Though he had passed the guard line of the British camp the pickets were yet in advance of him, and he was liable to run into them at any moment. It was dark in the woods, but he knew every foot of the country thereabouts. In a little while he struck a cowpath and followed it.

"It was a pretty close rub," he said to himself, as he hurried along the path. "Sorry I couldn't bring the major's horse along. He was a fine animal, and his capture would have set all our men to laughing. I heard him say I was a spy," and he chuckled over it. "To lose his horse, and get prodded with a farmer's pitchfork is a hard thing for a proud, high-toned, my lord British officer to bear. I don't mind that, though, half as much as I regret the trouble with the old man. He was mad all through, and betrayed me to the two officers as the Spuyten Duyvil Spy. That's what made me give him the pitchfork on the side of his head."

"It may make Joe mad when I tell him about it, and I guess Jane and Kate will never forgive me. I can't help it. If General Washington

himself should kick me, I'd bang away at him. I'm a poor boy, but I wasn't born to be kicked, so I won't take it. That captain will have to go. I felt the boards of the barn as the tines went through him. It was a tight place for me, so I had to do it. That old black witch must have been right when she said I had a charmed life. Lord, but bullets have been close enough to me, though! Wonder if a fellow with a charmed life can be scared to death?"

"Halt, there!" came a voice in the path right in front of him.

He seemed to melt away into the bushes on the right of the path almost ere the sound of the voice died away. The picket waited a half minute, and then challenged:

"Who goes there?"

Jared didn't tell him, but kept gliding noiselessly away in the bushes toward the creek.

"Who goes there?" came in a stern voice a half minute later.

Bang! The sentinel fired straight down the path. Jared was fifty feet away at the moment. He heard the other pickets rallying, but in the darkness he knew they could not see him. He went down to the creek, waded in and noiselessly swam across to the other side. Climbing up on the bank, he stopped a while to let his clothes drip. Then he pushed on up into the woods until he struck another path. He no longer feared meeting British sentinels. Patriots were more likely to meet him over there. But it was not yet a late hour. He had gone but a mile when he heard voices in front of him. Gliding into the bushes, he waited for developments.

"The only way to catch him is to lie in wait for him," he heard one say.

"The widow was badly frightened, though, and said he had not been at home for two weeks."

"Well, we know he wasn't there, for we searched the house. The colonel says it's 100 pounds to the man as catches him."

"Yes; but he's harder than an eel to hold after you catch him. The Spuyten Duyvil Spy has made all the king's officers mad. It's strange he hasn't been hit, for I know he has been shot at a dozen times."

"Yes. An old negro fisherman says he bears a charmed life, and it begins to look that way. But that 100 pounds will make him very uncomfortable, I think."

Jared sprang out upon them as they passed him. He knocked one down with the butt of his pistol, and the other took to his heels and ran. It was a hard blow and the man lay like one dead.

"Been up the creek worrying my mother, eh?" said Jared. "Well, I'll make it unpleasant for you," and he proceeded to relieve the unconscious man of every rag of clothing.

When he had done so he took them up in his arms and went on his way, leaving him to the tender mercies of the mosquitoes. A Spuyten Duyvil mosquito was never known to have mercy on anything—not even a stump or log. When he had gone half a mile farther he came to an open space where the stars afforded him some little light.

"I may as well throw these clothes into the creek," he muttered, "for it won't do to take them home. They would be found there some day."

and he turned and made his way down to the creek.

There he gathered stones to put into the pockets to sink the suit. Something in one of the pockets caused him to investigate. He found gold coin to the value of 10 pounds and quite a sum in English notes. He could not see the value of the notes, but he could count the coins in the dark.

"Wish I had gotten the other fellow now," he said to himself. "They have been robbing somebody and had probably divided the spoils. I've got one share, anyway," and he put the valuables into his pocket and proceeded to send the red suit to the bottom of the creek.

That done, he went on up the creek, till he came to a little double log hut in which was a light.

"Mother is still up," he said, and he went to the door and gave a signal that revealed his presence and identity.

The door was opened by an elderly woman, who said:

"Come in!"

He stepped inside, and hurried into another room to his mother.

"They have been here," she said to him, "looking for you," and she embraced and kissed him.

"But they didn't find me," he laughed. "Did they do any mischief?"

"Not much, for we had nothing they wanted."

"Well, here's a little fortune for you," and he gave her the money he had taken from the British soldier.

She quickly put it away, and then asked him where he was going.

"I must see General Wayne at once," he said. "Have time only to put on some dry clothes. Don't worry about me, for I am well and sound. I saw the Hardways to-day, and the old man ordered me to keep away from his place."

"Well, why don't you keep away from them?"

"Oh, the family all seem to be glad to see me."

"Well, he thinks you are after Kate."

"Don't know, and don't care, but I am going to go over and see him in a few days."

He never mentioned the trouble with the enemy at all. After changing his clothes he kissed his mother good night, spoke kindly to the old woman who had opened the door for him, and once more wandered out into the darkness of the night. At that time Mad Anthony Wayne at the head of 2,000 men was on the west bank of the Hudson, watching the movements of the enemy. British spies were engaged in watching him, so it was a game between them. A few miles above Spuyten Duyvil Jared entered an Indian canoe which lay concealed in a thick clump of bushes, and began rowing across the great river. He knelt in the little craft, to more easily manage the paddle without making any noise. But ere he was halfway across, he met a canoe coming over to the east side.

"Who is that?" a voice asked.

Jared made no reply, but shot past as fast as he could.

"Answer, or I'll fire!" hissed the voice in the other canoe.

Jared had seen two figures in it. Now he heard the low, soft voice of an Indian, saying:

"Paleface no shoot—keep still!"

"Turn and overtake him," said the other, "and you shall have gold to buy a new rifle with."

"Ugh! Waurega know him. Him no kill. Spuyten Duyvil paleface spy."

"Oh, fortune aid me! I'll give you powder, bullets, and a thousand beads for your squaw, Waurega, if you will put me alongside that canoe," and the man seized the paddle to assist the redskin in overtaking the other.

They pulled hard, and the other, propelled by only one paddle, soon came into view. Suddenly the pursued canoe turned sharply and went back at the pursuer, and, as they touched, both men rose to their feet and grappled with each other.

CHAPTER IV.—The Maddest Man in the World.

The reader will remember the situation at the Peter Hardway place when young Jared Holmes sprang upon the British officer's horse and dashed away up the road toward Harlem river. He left old Peter lying unconscious on the ground, and a captain of redcoats groaning in mortal agony from the effect of a pitchfork invasion of his anatomy. The farmer's hired man had showed a vast amount of good sense in retaining his horizontal position, in which he had been placed by the young spy. As soon as the major had dashed away in pursuit of Holmes, the hired man sprang up and went to the assistance of the old farmer, who was still lying as one dead where he had fallen. He tried to lift him to his feet, but the old man was limp as a rag.

"Help me to the house, my man!" groaned the wounded captain. "I fear I am done for by that villain."

"He has near killed us all, sir," said the hired man, going to his assistance.

He took him in his arms and bore him to the house. The officer groaned in agony all the way. The women heard him ere he reached the house, and naturally thought the groans came from old Peter, hence their astonishment when they saw a British captain brought in.

"Why, what has happened, Zeke?" Mrs. Hardway exclaimed.

"He has just murdered us all, mum," replied Zeke. "Where must I lay him, mum? He is just killed stone dead, mum!"

"Who is killed, Zeke? Whatever do you mean?" cried the mother, in quite a panic.

"Madam," said the captain, "I am wounded in defending your husband. Let me have quarters here till the surgeon can get to me."

"Yes—yes—lay him on the bed in the next room, Zeke. My husband—is he hurt?"

"Killed stone dead, mum," said Zeke, as he bore the captain into the bedroom.

"Madam, I don't think your husband is much hurt," said the redcoat. "He was knocked down and probably stunned."

Kate Hardway had run out of the house and down to the barn as soon as she saw the captain brought in. She saw that a tragedy had taken place, and wanted to see what had happened to her father. Her heart was in her mouth, for she loved her father. She found the old man just pulling himself together. He was

sitting up, gazing around and wondering what had happened to him.

"Father, are you hurt?" she asked, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"Huh?" and he looked up at her.

"Are you hurt, father?"

"Huh? What'd yer say?"

"Are you hurt?"

He put a hand up alongside his head where the clumsy, heavy pitchfork had hit him. In a few moments he remembered all. Scrambling to his feet and full of fight as ever, he glared around and asked:

"Where is he?"

"Where is who, father?"

"That villain of Spuyten Duyvil!"

"He has gone, father. Are you hurt?"

"Yes, but not so much but what I can kill him yet, the villain!"

"Come to the house, father, and let us see how much you are hurt," and she took him by the arm and led him away.

"Where's Zeke?" he asked, as they were passing through the gate.

"He is up at the house."

"He is a blamed coward! He wouldn't fight a duck!"

When he entered the house his wife saw him and exclaimed:

"Oh, thank Heaven!"

"What for? Glad I ain't dead?"

The old man was mad all the way through. He saw Zeke, his stalwart hired man, and gave him a thump on the side of his head, saying:

"Get out, you cowardly sheep!"

Zeke bounded out and went down to the barn. The old man's face was battered almost out of shape, for Jared had downed him seven times with his fist ere he hit him with the pitchfork. His nose had been smashed, and the bosom of his shirt was covered with gore. He was about to upbraid his wife for not letting Zeke have the gun, when he heard the groans of the wounded officer in the next room.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"A king's officer," said Jane, speaking for the first time. "He is badly wounded. Says he was defending you when he was hurt."

"Ah! Two officers came by and stopped. Where is the other one?"

"We don't know a thing about what happened, father."

The old man went out on the back porch and bathed his face and hands. Then he put on a clean shirt, after which he went in to see the captain. The captain told how he had been run through by a pitchfork, and how the major had gone in pursuit of the spy.

"But send some one for the surgeon," he said.

"I fear I am done for. Tell them that Captain Wilkes, of the Dragoons, is here, badly wounded."

The old man went out and called Zeke. The latter was down at the barn. He hurried up to the house.

"Saddle a horse and ride down to camp for a surgeon. Tell them that Captain Wilkes, of the Dragoons, is wounded, and wants the doctor at once."

"Yes, sir," replied Zeke, hurrying away to do so.

While he was gone the mother and two daughters did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded man. Old Peter didn't require any assistance. He eased his pains by vowing to shoot Jared Holmes on sight, and he repeated the vow every ten minutes for hours. Then he would give his wife a left-handed blessing for not letting Zeke bring him the gun when he sent for it. She stood it an hour or two on account of the battered condition of his face. But her patience finally gave out.

"You dratted ol dfool!" she said to him, in the kitchen. "He licked four of you—all grown men, too! Do you suppose he'd have just stood up against the barn and let you shoot at him! He'd have wrung your neck, like I do a chicken, and thrown you on the manure heap. Just you shut up, thank the Lord you're alive, and swear off against kicking anybody hereafter."

That shut him up for the time, but he still solaced himself with the promise to use the gun the next time he caught a glimpse of the widow's son. The surgeon came at once on hearing that Captain Wilkes was wounded. On the way Zeke had told him how the wounded man came to get hurt. He whistled in his astonishment. At the house he examined the captain and told him the chances of recovery were about 1 to 100, and proceeded to give him opiates to relieve his sufferings. To Major Greenfield, who had come back from his unsuccessful chase, to look after the captain, he told of what the spy had done down in the city.

"Sergeant Duncan, in citizen's dress," he said, "had followed him about for several hours, suspicious of him. At the 'Pewter Mug' tavern, finding that a man was on his trail, he went to two soldiers of the Third Infantry, who were off duty and drinking ale there, and told them he was sure the sergeant was a spy. They jumped on the sergeant and took him to the Provost Marshal, where he proved his identity and was released. But the fellow got away."

"Yes," added the major, "and he rode right at the sentries on the line at full speed. They fired, killed my horse, which he was riding, and he actually fell against one of the sentries with such force as to knock him down. He sprang up and darting into the bushes, got away altogether. They say he bears a charmed life, and all this seems to confirm it. It looks to me as though Old Nick took care of his own. He gave me a prod with that pitchfork from which I expect to be very sore for a week or two. He taught me a lesson I never knew before, and that was that in a combat a pitchfork can beat a sword. Skill has nothing to do with it. I am sorry Wilkes is so badly hurt. What are his chances, doctor?"

The surgeon shook his head, and the major knew the worst.

CHAPTER V.—The Man With the Indian.

The man in the canoe with the Indian was about the size of Jared Holmes. But he was fully twice as old as he was. He was armed with a brace of pistols and a dagger, but dared not fire lest he alarm sentinels or scouts on the east side (to which he was going). Jared had

a hunting knife, but no pistol. He knew the man was determined to capture or kill him.

"You are my prisoner!" the man exclaimed, clutching Jared's arm as they both stood up.

"Oh, no! You are mine!" said Jared, giving him a blow in the face that knocked him out of the canoe. As he went over he pulled Jared off his balance so that he fell across the canoe in which the Indian sat. But he held his own canoe with his feet.

"Ugh!" grunted the redskin, trying to keep his canoe from being upset.

Jared sprang back into his canoe and waited for the man to come up again. He seemed to know the Indian.

"Who is he, Waurega?" he asked.

But ere the redskin could answer, the man came up some ten feet below both canoes. Jared seized his paddle and rowed to him, knelt down and said:

"Surrender, or I'll kill you!"

The man dived, or sank down out of sight, and Jared saw him no more. But he heard him puffing as he came up some fifty feet farther down the stream. It was too dark for him to see him, however.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian. "Paleface heap swim. Waurega go home," and he took up his paddle and began rowing toward the east bank of the river.

Jared listened for some time, and heard the hard breathing of the swimmer going with the current.

"If he keeps on that way, he'll go out to sea," chuckled the young spy. "Sorry I didn't get him, for I am sure he is a spy who has been over to Wayne's camp. But as I met him out in the middle of the river, we could not have treated him as one. He seemed to know me, or at least suspect me, and wanted to bag me, thinking the redskin would give him the advantage. But when I land a good straight one in a man's face he ain't good for much afterward," and Jared took up his paddle and rowed through the west side of the river, guided by a light upon the hills.

When he landed, he took the canoe out of the water, lifted it on his shoulders, and carried it up to a log cabin an eighth of a mile back from the water. An old man with a snow-white beard sat on a bench in front of the door, smoking a pipe. He put the canoe on a bed of leaves and drew a sailcloth over it. That done, he said to the old man:

"I met Waurega in the middle of the river, Uncle Ephe."

"I didn't see him," said the old man.

"He had a white man with him—a British spy."

"Eh? What?" and the old man took the pipe out of his mouth and looked up at the youth, who was standing before him.

Jared repeated his statement and told of his struggle with the man.

"Sorry you didn't get him," the old man remarked.

"Yes, so am I. But I think the redskin ought to be told not to take men he doesn't know across the river."

"It ain't his fight—let 'im alone," said Uncle Ephe.

"I haven't got much faith in him, Uncle Ephe.

But he is afraid of me because he thinks I can't be killed," and Jared chuckled. "He told the man to let me alone when we met."

"Yes. I told him that only the lightning of the Great Spirit could kill you," and the old man knocked the ashes out of his pipe and laid it up between two of the logs of the cabin. "Any news over on the other side?"

"Not much, only they are very lively in trying to catch the Spy of Spuyten Duyvil," and again he chuckled as he talked. "But I must be off," and he hurried off along a path that led southward from the little log cabin. Half an hour later he was sent forward. In another half hour he was closeted with Mad Anthony, of the patriot army, one of the best fighters in America."

"This is very important news, Holmes," the general said, "provided you have made no mistake."

"I have told you only what I saw and heard, general," Jared replied. "It is for you to judge the meaning of it. I never knew them to be so strict about people coming and going before," and then he told him how he had to play a trick on a man who was shadowing him in order to get away from him. The general laughed heartily, but was very much surprised at the conduct of old Peter Hardway.

"I know Hardway well," he said, "and always believed him to be a stanch patriot. Yet you say he denounced you as a spy to two British officers."

"Yes, general. But we were having a fight at the time and he was angry. He has a son with the commander-in-chief. But he dislikes me because he thinks I am after one of his girls."

"Oho!" and the general raised his eyebrows as he looked at him. "That is the trouble, eh?"

"I think so, general."

"Well, I am sorry for it. I don't think the girl could do better."

"Thank you, general. I am not looking for a wife, for I would not take one in times like these. Both the Hardway girls are good-looking and sensible. They know what kind of husbands they want, and I think they are not the girls to let the old man settle the choice for them."

"Can you go back over there again soon?" the general asked him.

"Whenever you wish, general," was the reply of the brave youth.

"It is more dangerous now than ever, is it not?"

"Yes, general."

"Well, you know best what to do, I suppose. I want to find out which way they are going, and as soon as you can find out that, lose no time in letting me know it."

"I will do my best, general," and he rose to leave. The general shook his hand warmly, saying:

"This is quite necessary in war, and it is often the case that men who do not engage in battle do their country the most service."

"I am well aware of that, general, and am glad to serve where I can do the best service."

In another moment he was gone and the general sat down at a table to reduce to writing what the young spy had told him verbally, in order to send it to the commander-in-chief. It was now not far from midnight, and the young

spy hurried to the quarters of a company which had been raised above the Harlem river, every member of which knew him. He found some of them still up, and, after a little talk over matters beyond the Hudson, he rolled in a blanket and was soon soundly sleeping.

But when the others arose at sunrise he was gone. They knew he went over the river quite often, and some of them suspected him of being a spy, but did not know to any degree of certainty. They knew, however, that he bore the reputation of a fearless soldier, and that the Indians along the river believed his was a charmed life. Just how they first imbibed that idea was never known during the war; but it was believed among the whites that a redskin had shot at him several times and failed to hit him.

CHAPTER VI.—“Arrah, Now! That’s Your Blarney, Is It?”

Sergeant Duncan, of the British Dragoons, whom two soldiers of the Third Infantry arrested at the “Pewter Mug” tavern, at the suggestion of Jared Holmes that he was a rebel spy, was walking along Pearl street three days later on the lookout for strangers, when he met a comely Irish lass with a basket on her arm. In the basket were apples, cakes and pies in tempting profusion. He was still in citizen’s dress and had none of the appearance of a soldier.

“Top o’ ther mornin’ to ye, sor,” she greeted, in the broadest accent. “An’ wud yez be after buyin’ a bite av ther cakes? Sure an’ they’re that swate ye’ll niver nade sugar wid ’em.”

“That’s a good recommendation, I’m sure,” he said. “If the apples are half as sweet as you look, I’ll take two of them.”

“Arrah, now! That’s yer blarney, is it? Sure now, they’re swater than sugar, an’ nobody is iver so swate as that,” and she picked up two big red apples and held them out to him.

He looked at the apples and then at the girl. Putting a hand into his pocket for the change, he said:

“I’ll take them because they look so much like your cheeks.”

“Sure an’ you’ve kissed ther blarney stone,” she laughed.

“I’ve never seen the blarney stone, my dear, but whenever I see the rosy cheeks and dimples of a pretty girl, my heart seizes my tongue and wags.” And he handed her the change for the two apples.

“An’ it’s loike a dog’s tail it wags,” the girl responded with a laugh. “Will it be afther waggin’ for the loikes av me cakes?” and she held up a cake before him. “Sure av yer heart wags yer tongue it’s hungry ye must be.”

“Why so?” he asked, laughing.

“Sure an’ I wouldn’t be afther tellin’ yez,” she laughed, “for thin yez wud know. Buy ther cakes an’ they’ll tell ye, alanna.”

“Who is blarneying now, my lass?”

“Sure it’s the cakes, sor. They’ve afther cryin’ to get into ther mouth av yez. They think as how they’re cooked for yez.”

Just then two soldiers came along—both full

of old Hans Wrangel’s ale. They saw the apples and cakes and stopped.

“Apples (hic) an’ roshy cheeks, Bill,” said one to the other.

“Gimme apple,” said the other.

“Gimme cheeks,” said the first one, trying to get an arm around the girl’s waist.

“Arrah, now, behave yerself, ye gossoon!” and the girl pushed him away rather roughly.

“It’s good (hic) apple, m’ dear,” said the second soldier, biting one of them.

“Sure an’ they are. Two for a tuppence,” and she held out another toward him.

“They ain’t (hic) rosy like ’er cheeks,” said the first one, again stealing an arm around her waist.

Quick as a flash she gave him a shove, and, with her right foot tripped him so as to drop him heavily to the ground. The others laughed, and she said:

“Sure the gossoon is dhrunk.”

The soldier rose to his feet very angry, and said:

“I’m a king’s soldier (hic).”

“I’m a king’s lass, but the king can’t be afther huggin’ me. Be off, ye blagguard, before I sphile yer face!”

“Let her alone,” said Sergeant Duncan. “She is a decent girl.”

The half-drunken brute caught her around the waist with both arms. She dropped her basket and clawed his face with both hands. He gave a yell and sprang away from her. His face looked as though a wildcat had tackled him. It was streaked from forehead to chin, and blood trickled down each streak.

“If you touch her again, you will have me to fight,” said Duncan.

“And (hic) who are you?”

“I am a kingsman in the king’s service,” was the reply. “I can have you punished, as you deserve to be, for your insolence.”

Both soldiers were inclined to be ugly at his interference. But the girl said:

“Lave ’em be, sor. It’s a gintleman yez are, but it’s meself as’ll make ’em moind, the blagguards!” and she proceeded to take up her basket and replace the few apples that had fallen out when she dropped it. When she had placed them in the basket again she held out her hand to the soldier to pay for the two he had eaten.

He refused to pay and wanted to fight Sergeant Duncan. Others had come up, soldiers and citizens, and quite a crowd had gathered around her.

“Sure an’ I’ll sphile the face av yez for the pay!” she threatened.

“Pay the girl, you brute!” said Duncan.

The soldier sprang at him. She tripped him and he fell heavily to the ground. His hat fell off and she picked it up, put it into the basket, saying:

“Sure an’ it’s good for tuppence, I’m thinkin’,” and went on, selling the apples and cakes. The crowd laughed and bought nearly all her stock.

“Gimme my hat,” said the soldier, struggling to his feet.

“Tuppence,” she replied, holding out her hand to him.

“Ain’t got a penny,” he said.

“Thin it’s a lock of yer hair I’ll be havin’.”

and quick as a flash she seized a handful of hair and jerked it from his head.

He yelled, the crowd laughed, and she laid the hair in a corner of the basket under a piece of paper, after which she tossed his hat to him with a dexterity that landed it on his head. The crowd was amused, and every one was at once her friend. They bought more apples of her, but the two half-drunken soldiers went away, satisfied that an Irish lass was worse than a rebel in arms.

She then moved along on the street, as if trying to get rid of the crowd about her. But nearly all the crowd followed her, for her actions amused them. They had never seen a girl who was so well able to take care of herself. Two blocks farther down the street she came up to a lieutenant of dragoons who seemed to eye her suspiciously, for he looked hard at her without uttering a word.

"What's the crowd following you for?" he finally asked.

"Sure an' it's blagguards they are," she answered, looking round at them. "Wud yer Anner be afther sindin' thim home to their mithers?"

The officer shook his head and laughed. She went on down the street and a number still followed her. But she sold cakes and pies as she went along till they were all gone. Then she made her way to the "Pewter Mug" tavern. As she was entering the place she saw Sergeant Duncan, and he saw her. He followed her in.

Freda Wrangel was there attending to the few customers in the taproom. She looked at the Irish lass and her basket in just a little surprised way, and went to meet her. The girl spoke to her in a low tone of voice. She gave a start, and said:

"Yes—come this way."

They passed into the dining room, which was private, except at meal times, and Freda shut the door. Then she flew at the girl and hugged and kissed her, saying:

"I didn't expect to see you back so soon."

"I couldn't keep away from you," she said, returning the caress of the host's daughter.

"Oh, but you went right straight from here to old Peter Hardway's place, and said the same thing to the girls up there. I have heard all about it," and she shook her finger in his face.

The Irish lass was the Spy of Spuyten Duyvil in disguise.

"And did you hear that I licked the old man?" he asked, in a half whisper. "Nice way to court a gal, eh?" and he held her in his arms and looked into her face. "Is that the way lovers do?"

"Oh, you had to do it to escape from the soldiers. You couldn't live long without a row with somebody. Father was very angry about the row you raised here that day, but he laughs at the way you fooled the sergeant. He is in the front room now. Did you see him?"

"Yes, I sold him two apples."

"But he followed you here?"

"Yes. I think he wants to make love to me."

Freda nearly choked trying to suppress her inclination to laugh. But the disguised spy shook her by the arm and told her to keep quiet, saying:

"Get me some cakes an pies, or apples, and I'll go out again."

"I can get you a basket full of apples down in the cellar," she said.

"For how much?"

"Two shillings."

"Get them, please, and if they are as rosy in color as your cheeks, and a thousandth part as sweet, I can——"

She took the basket from him and ran into the kitchen with it for the cook to fill, as she had to return to the taproom. When she came back she led the way into the front room, the spy following her, where Duncan and several others were waiting for cider or ale. She gave the spy a seat in a corner where he could wait for his apples, and then waited on the customers.

"Do you know the apple girl?" Duncan asked her, as she served him his ale.

"Oh, yes. Do you?"

"No."

"She says you bought apples from her and then made eyes at her. You are too old for that sort of thing, sir," and the dimples came into her face, and her eyes sparkled.

"Do you think me so very old?"

"Too old to be ogling apple girls on the street. But you men are all bad—deceivers. She supports her mother by selling cakes, pies and apples."

"I never saw her before to-day."

"That's because you never happened to, I guess. She has been selling cakes to the soldiers for months."

She went to wait on others, and Duncan sat there and sipped his ale till Dame Wrangel brought the basket of apples into the taproom to Freda. The girl took it over to the spy and received the two shillings in payment for the fruit. Freda then led him into the rear room again, where she said:

"I think the sergeant is watching you. Go out through the kitchen and look out for him."

He squeezed and kissed her hand and slipped through the kitchen and out to the street. Freda returned to the taproom and waited on the customers for an hour, by which time her father came in to help her. Duncan was still there.

"Where is the apple girl?" he asked her, as she passed him.

"In the kitchen, making pies and cakes," she replied.

"Give me another mug of ale," he said.

She did so, and he asked:

"How long before the cakes will be done? I'd like one with my ale."

"You can have one now."

"Bring me one, please."

She went into the dining room and brought out two cakes.

"She says you are too old for a young girl like her."

"She did!"

"Yes. I told her you were waiting for her and looked lovesick and miserable," and again the dimples peeped at him.

"Freda, you're a mischief-maker. I fear you have spoiled a beautiful romance."

"I hope I haven't. She has no more romance in her than a clam. I'd give something to see you making love to her," and she ran away to

draw a mug of ale for a man who had just come in.

The newcomer sat at the next table, and as he waited for his ale he looked at Duncan.

"I saw you buying apples of the girl who scratched the dragoon's face, sir. She is selling apples to some sailors down at the foot of Whitehall street now. I think she is quite well able to take care of herself."

"I quite agree with you, sir. But when did you see her last?"

"Some ten minutes ago."

Duncan's face changed. It grew stern in expression. He drank his ale, rose to his feet and stalked out of the tavern.

"She is a Spuyten Duyvil Spy—that's Jared Holmes!" he muttered to himself, as he strode along the street. "That Freda Wrangel is acting for him. She plays the game well. Had me waiting there an hour. There are few men can match a bright girl for cunning. But I'll get him this time or lose my sergeant's stripes. Then I'll give Miss Freda a scare that will last her the rest of her natural life."

He made his way down to the foot of Whitehall street, and there found the Irish lass laughing and chatting with a dozen seamen, and selling her apples rapidly. He waited a while, and then getting close to her side, drew his pistol and said:

"You are my prisoner, Holmes!"

Instantly Holmes gave a fine imitation of a feminine shriek, and slapped him in the face. He raised his pistol to fire, but a half dozen seamen sprang at him and bore him to the ground, he struggling fiercely against them.

CHAPTER VII.—"So Am I, My Lord!"

When the seamen rushed upon the disguised sergeant they fully believed they were protecting the apple girl from a brute. They had heard her scream and saw her slap his face. What better proof could they need? The sergeant had no chance to make explanations. He was knocked down, disarmed and beaten, kicked and thumped till he was more dead than alive.

Then the seamen dispersed and left him lying in the street. Some of them looked around for the apple girl, but she was gone.

In the meantime the young spy had gone into an alley up in the next block, to get out of sight of those who had seen him. In the rear of one of the buildings was an empty house. He darted into that and hastily proceeded to make a change in his disguise. He dropped the dress and bonnet and appeared in the garb of an old man. By facial contortion and a stoop he had the appearance of a man of sixty. An old hat that came down almost over his ears added much to the venerable air of his disguise. In less than five minutes he was out on the street again, minus basket, dress and bonnet, walking with a stoop and a touch of lumbago in his back.

"I'll go back and see how the sergeant fared," he remarked to himself.

Quite a crowd had gathered about the sergeant as he pulled himself together. He hadn't a friend among them, for as each man came up

he was told what had happened, and the comment, "Served him right!" immediately followed the information.

Jared went up and joined the crowd just as the sergeant was getting upon his feet. He was in a terribly battered condition, and his clothes had fared badly, too. He was also in a towering rage.

"Oh, the meddling idiots!" he cried, in his wrath. "She was a spy in disguise—a man—the rebel Spy of Spuyten Duyvil—and you helped him to get away!"

"I had nothing to do with it," said one man, a citizen, "but I saw it all. You can't make me believe that apple girl was a mna," and he shook his head.

Several soldiers came along who didn't know the sergeant, and stopped to see what had drawn the crowd there. They soon learned what had happened, and one asked the sergeant who he was. He told them.

"Ah! That Spuyten Duyvil Spy played you a trick the other day, did he not, at the 'Pewter Mug' tavern?" said the soldier.

"Yes, and I had him cornered again just a while ago, and you fools had to help him get away."

"Well, it seems he is making a fool of you," remarked the soldier. "I'd quit and go back to the mess if I were you. You don't seem to know how to catch a spy."

Again the crowd laughed, and the old man with the stoop chuckled as heartily as any of them. But no one seemed to notice him, and he soon moved about like one accustomed to do so every day.

The sergeant went at once to the commandant of the post and made his report.

"In the lines again disguised as an apple girl, eh?" said the provost. "You never seem able to arrest him, sergeant."

"It won't happen again, sir. I missed him before because two soldiers interfered. This time a dozen sailors took a hand in it. The next time I see him I'll call out the army and navy."

"You may get him then."

"I don't know, sir. The army didn't get him the other night. I hear Captain Wilkes is dead, sir."

"Yes—killed by a pitchfork."

"It seems the army has done no better than I have, colonel."

"No. I'll send out the alarm for the apple girl."

In a little while the city was being searched for an Irish girl with a basket of apples. The searchers went about in twos. Two of them repaired to the Pewter Mug tavern, and spent the day there. Down at the Battery the old man with the stoop met two of them.

"Have you seen an apple girl about here?" one of them asked him.

"Yes. I saw one with some sailors a while ago going up Front street."

The two soldiers hurried up Front street in an eager search for the "apple girl." In the meantime he saw a party of officers of high rank approaching. He soon saw that they belonged to both army and navy.

"Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Howe, or I am dreaming!" muttered the spy, as he looked at the

group of officers. "I'll see where they are going, anyway," and he followed.

But he didn't have to go very far. A boat was waiting for the commander of the fleet, and Lord Howe had come down to meet it. Sir Henry Clinton had accompanied him to the water's edge.

"Well, good luck to you, anyway," said Lord Howe, extending his hand to Sir Henry. "Sorry I can't go with you."

"So am I, my lord," replied Sir Henry, as he looked back at the boat. "I think we still have things our own way this time."

Lord Howe entered the boat and was rowed out to one of the largest ships in the fleet, while Sir Henry turned with his staff and made his way to his headquarters.

"That means that they don't expect to meet again soon—that Sir Henry is going somewhere, and Lord Howe can't co-operate with him. That means up the country. It means, too, that I must get over the river before morning and report to General Wayne."

The spy muttered to himself, and proceeded to move along up to Broadway at a pretty good pace for an old man with a stoop.

He trudged along patiently, never once forgetting the stoop or the gait of the old man whose character he had assumed. No one seemed to notice him, and so, just as sunset came on, he reached the Hardway place. Mrs. Hardway and Jane were milking the cows at the barn, and the old man and Zeke were feeding the horses. Old Peter's face was a study. Both eyes were in the deepest mourning, and his nose bore evidence of disrespectful usage.

CHAPTER VIII.—Kate Hardway and the Spy.

Old Peter Hardway saw the old man with the stoop stop at the barn gate, and greeted him with:

"Good evening, sir!"

"Good evening," returned the visitor. "Can you sell me a supper? I am going up to my son's place, above Kingbridge, and can't get there till long after supper time."

"I guess we can, sir, if my wife will take the trouble on her hands. She is the cook."

"You can have all you wish, sir," said the wife, who was milking at the moment.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the visitor, mopping his brow with a dirty handkerchief.

"What's the news down in the city?" old Peter asked.

"They say they have caught that Spy of Spuyten Duyvil, sir."

"Eh! What!" gasped the old man.

"They say they caught the Spuyten Duyvil Spy this afternoon. He was dressed up as a woman and was selling apples from a basket."

"Well, thank the Lord for that!" exclaimed the old farmer, tossing a pitchfork into a measure of grain. "That's the best news I've heard since the war began."

Jane stood like one petrified, her face white as a sheet, while her eyes seemed to reveal a soul steeped in dejection.

"I hope it is true," said Mrs. Hardway, stop-

ping her work to look up at the man at the gate.

"They will hang him if they catch him."

"Of course they will. Hanging is too good for him," said old Peter.

"You are a loyal kingsman, I see," remarked the visitor.

"It isn't that, sir. Do you see those marks on my face?"

"Yes," and the visitor looked him full in the face. "What made them?"

"That Spuyten Duyvil Spy. He was here in this barn the other evening, a little later than this, and when I ordered him to leave he attacked me. That's why I say hanging is too good for him. If they hang him I'll go down and see him swing."

"He must be a dangerous youth."

"Dangerous! Yes, and vicious. He is a bad man!"

"He is a brave man," said Jane, speaking for the first time, "and I hope it is not true that they have caught him."

"Oh, my wife and daughters are his friends," remarked old Peter, "but I'll shoot him if he ever comes round my place again."

"That would be murder."

"Yes, but they don't call it murder in these times," and the vindictive old farmer shook his head in a way that showed plainly his conscience would not bother him in the least about it. When the milking was done, the old man took two pails of milk to the house, his wife going with him. Jane came some dozen paces behind with one pail.

"Let me carry it for you, miss," the visitor said, as he waited for her to overtake him. She said nothing, and he took the pail from her.

"Oh, sir, is it really true that they have caught him?" she asked.

"Caught who?"

"Jared Holmes, the spy."

"No. He got away."

She caught her breath.

"Did you see him?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes."

"And you are sure he got away?"

"Yes, I am Jared," and he used his natural voice.

"Oh!" and she looked hard at him. He smiled and said:

"I ran into an old building and dropped the cross and basket, coming out as an old man. They won't hang me yet a while."

"Oh, but they will catch you some day, if—if—if you don't stop it."

"I am not afraid of being caught. Why, I saw Sir Henry and Lord Howe to-day—was close enough to 'em to hear 'em talk," and then he chuckled. "Some of the soldiers fell in love with the apple girl and wanted to kiss her."

Jane laughed, and her mother looked back to see what was amusing her. The girl instantly ceased, and tried to look very much unconcerned, as she went on up to the house. Just as they reached the back porch, they heard the sound of horses' feet out on the road.

"It's Colonel Greenfield," said Jane, as she saw the uniform. "He comes nearly every day now."

Jared dared not ask why he came. But he noticed that the colonel was alone, saw him

hitch his horse and go round to the front of the house.

"He will be here for supper," said Mrs. Hardway to Jane.

"Yes," and Jane nodded her head and hurried to the kitchen.

Her mother soon joined her. In another minute the daughter had confided to the mother the secret of the identity of the visitor on the back porch. The old lady was thunderstruck.

"Call him in here," said Mrs. Hardway, and Jane beckoned him into the kitchen, where she placed a chair for him.

"You foolish boy!" she said to him. "Why will you run into such danger?"

"Can't keep away," he laughed.

"They'll hang you yet."

He chuckled.

"What if the colonel should know you?" she asked.

"I don't think he would bother me. He is afraid I'd hurt him. What's he coming here for?"

"He has been coming ever since Captain Wilkes was hurt," said the mother.

"He's courting Kate," said Jane, anxious that he should know that particular fact.

Jared gave a low, prolonged whistle expressive of astonishment. Jane watched his face to see how he took it. She knew he had a liking for Kate. But she saw no sign of worry there and felt relieved. Kate remained in the sitting room, entertaining the colonel until a little before the supper was ready. Then she ran in and said:

"Oh, mother, Colonel Greenfield says they caught Jared Holmes down in the city to-day while he was dressed as a girl and selling apples to the soldiers, and that he got away again! Did you ever hear the like?"

"Yes, dear," replied her mother. "This gentleman here has just told us about it. He says he saw the girl himself."

"How did he look dressed up that way?" Kate asked, turning to the visitor.

"He looked like a mighty nice gal," he replied, whereat Jane and her mother laughed heartily.

Kate laughed merrily, and went back into the sitting room to tell the British colonel what the old man in the kitchen had said. The colonel was amused, and expressed a desire to see him. She went back and told her mother what the officer had said.

"Let him wait till after supper," said Mrs. Hardway. "It is now ready to go on the table."

She returned to the colonel and told him that supper would be ready in a few minutes, and that he could talk to the man after the meal or at the table. He was content, and soon after that supper was announced. He led her into the dining room with a gallantry that charmed her. Jared Holmes saw that she was more than pleased with the Briton's attentions. Jane was overjoyed that he had seen her with him, as she then knew he would give no thought to her after that. At the supper table the vivacious Kate insisted on the stranger repeating his description of the Irish apple girl as he had seen her downtown, and as he did so her merry laughter rang through the old farmhouse.

"But I'll never forgive him for daring to strike my father," she said.

"You are at least loyal to your father, if not to your king," remarked the colonel.

"The king is not as good to me as my father is," she replied.

"That is because his majesty has never seen you," was the gallant reply.

"Thank you. I wish he could see all our girls if that would have caused him to be more kind to our people. You see, I am just a little bit rebellious."

"Yes; that is quite natural with all women, I believe."

"Even to a spy in petticoats," she retorted.

"Yes. Petticoats conceal a great deal of treason in this world."

"True, by gosh!" exclaimed old Peter, who was quite sore over his wife's refusal to abet his manevolent threats against Jared Holmes.

Jared left soon after supper. In going out he spied the colonel's horse. So he untied him, jumped on his back and made off to headquarters. After he had reported to General Wayne, and had rested, he was sent with dispatches to General Schuyler, who was watching for Burgoyne at the mouth of the Mohawk River.

CHAPTER IX.—The Spy Leaves a Note for the Redcoat.

Let us now return to the city of New York, where the excitement over the presence of the Spy of Spuyten Duyvil inside the army lines was very great. Sir Henry had offered a reward of one hundred pounds sterling for him, dead or alive. Colonel Greenfield himself had taken the order for the strengthening of the guards across the upper part of the island, and had given it to the officers in person. That done, he returned to the Hardway place to spend the evening in the society of pretty Kate Hardway. Her head was completely turned by his attentions. Even her family were pleased—her father almost turning rank kingsman in consequence. But Jane was a rank rebel at heart, and did not hesitate to let the gallant colonel know it.

The colonel stayed to a late hour, loth to leave the rustic beauty. But he finally bade her good night and went out to where he had left his horse. To his surprise the horse was not there. He went around to the barn, thinking the hired man might have put him in a stall and fed him. He failed to find him there, so he went back to the hitching post. There he saw a bit of white paper stuck into a crack in the post. Taking it in his hands, he returned to the house and knocked on the door. Kate opened it for him, all the rest of the family being in bed.

"My horse is gone," he said to her, "and here's a bit of paper I found on the post. Will you kindly let me have a light by which to make out what it is?"

"Why, yes, of course. Come in," and he entered the sitting room and advanced to the little table on which still stood the candle by which he had been doing some very satisfactory courting that evening. By the rather dim light he read:

"The Spuyten Duyvil Spy regrets the necessity of using Colonel Greenfield's horse but promises to leave him within the lines somewhere. He hoped to have the pleasure of the colonel's company at supper again soon."

He looked up at Kate, who was standing by looking on with much interest, and asked:

"Has your father retired?"

"Yes; do you wish to see him?"

"Yes. But read that first," and he gave her the note to read.

She read it and turned pale.

"He was Jared Holmes!" she gasped, looking white as a sheet.

"And you didn't know him?"

"No; and yet I talked and jested with him in the kitchen."

"Do you think your mother or sister knew him?"

"No. If I did not, how could they?"

"I don't know. He has taken my horse, saddle and pistols. I desire that it should not be known, hence I must see your father about it."

She went into the room where her parents slept, and called up her father. The old farmer was soon dressed and came out, very much surprised at being called up. When he learned the truth, he was staggered. Then he waxed wroth till he was in a rage.

"The impudent rebel viper!" he hissed, "to dare come here and sit at my table in the bosom of my family! Oh, why did I not suspect him! I'd give my farm for the pleasure of shooting him!"

"He cannot escape this time, Mr. Hardway," the colonel said to him. "The sentinels are not ten feet apart, and the line runs clear across the island. He will be either captured or killed if he attempts to get past them."

Kate ran into her mother's room and told her the news—that the old man who took supper with them that evening was no other than Jared Holmes.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the dame. "You do get such notions into your head, child! Jared could not fool us so completely as that!"

"Oh, he can fool anybody!" Kate exclaimed, and then she ran upstairs to give Jane the terrible news.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Jane, as if ill pleased at having her sleep broken into. "You can't make me believe that."

"But he took Colonel Greenfield's horse and left a note for him out on the post," said Kate.

Then Jane laughed and buried her face in the pillow. Kate was too excited to laugh. She was angry that Jared had fooled her so completely, and saw her and the British officer billing and cooing.

"I do believe you and mother knew him!" exclaimed Kate.

"And you didn't? Could he fool you and not mother and me? Why, I heard you tell him that apple girl couldn't have deceived you. How he must have laughed in his sleeve at you for a silly little goose whose head was turned by a British officer's uniform!"

Kate flounced out of the room, too angry to speak. She went down into the sitting room again. There the colonel and her father were

making a compact to keep the whole thing a profound secret. The old man was mad, and promised that his wife and daughters would not tell any one of it.

"Father, why don't you offer Colonel Greenfield a bed for the night?" Kate asked her father.

"Yes, dear, I've already done so. Will you see if the spare room is ready?"

She hurried out of the room, and was gone about ten minutes when she returned and announced that the room was ready. The old man showed the colonel up to the room and left him there. There was a row between the old man and his wife, though, when the former returned to his room. He accused her of knowing who the spy was.

"If you didn't know him, how should I?" she asked. "Kate and Jane both talked to him. I do believe you are going crazy, Peter Hardway. You don't seem to have any sense lately."

The old lady was a match for him in the matter of jawing. Whenever she twitted him about a nineteen-year-old boy licking him and three others he generally shut up. The spot was too sore to stand much rubbing. The next morning Jane was cruel enough to wear a malicious smile on her face at the breakfast table. The colonel saw it. He understood it, and, being a bit of a wag, said:

"Miss Jane, you are inside the lines now, hence that smile on your face is treasonable."

That caused an explosion. She laughed till the tears ran down her face.

"It is treasonable," said Kate. "She laughed all night in her sleep, and I fear her face will always remain in that shape."

"Well, it doesn't injure her any," remarked the colonel. "I think a smile on a lady's face always adds to her beauty."

"Oh, dear!" and Jane laughed merrily. "I haven't laughed so much in years. The joke is on all of us, colonel. It is worse on Kate, for she talked with him and assured him he could not have fooled her with his dress and basket of apples. I think he must have rolled on the grass as soon as he got out of the house."

Kate didn't like the joke, but the colonel laughed and admitted that the Spuyten Duyvil Spy was the shrewdest man the king's army had to contend with at present.

Jane listened in silence and with deep interest. She never before understood what a great part the youth from Spuyten Duyvil was playing in the great drama of the war. Just as they finished the meal the colonel's orderly rode up with that officer's horse, to the very great delight of the household.

"He came to headquarters during the night, sir," the orderly explained, "but the pistols were gone. I thought he might have gotten away, sir, and so brought him here for you."

"He did get away, and some rogue must have stolen the pistols," said the colonel. "I am glad you brought him back, Judkins. Here's a sovereign for you," and he handed the orderly a coin as he spoke.

CHAPTER X.—The Girl Lucy—"I Am to Blame."

On leaving General Wayne's camp with despatches for General Schuyler, Jared Holmes

crossed the river to the east bank in order to take the old Albany road. He was supplied with money for the purchase of a fleet horse, as the distance he had to go was over 150 miles. As soon as he landed on the east shore, he hastened up on that side for a few miles, to see if he could find the house where a girl named Lucy, who was reported to be acting as a British spy, lived. The locality was somewhere out of his route, but he thought he might buy a horse up that way. Besides, he wanted to see the girl who was carrying news to Sir Henry Clinton.

He found the spot where he had captured Turner, and then made his way up the hill back from the river. There, at the foot of a hill, was a little three-roomed house. There was no barn to show that a horse or any kind of cattle were owned by the inmates. Jared at once knew that the man was one of those who lived by hunting and fishing. He went to the house, and was met at the door by an elderly woman, who looked inquiringly at him.

"Is there a young lady here of the name of Lucy?" he asked.

"Yes; my daughter," replied the woman.

"I have news of Jim for her."

"Jim! Where is he?" she asked eagerly.

"He is a prisoner in General Wayne's camp," he replied.

"Lucy, Lucy!" called the woman.

A buxom young woman of some twenty years of age came forward from the kitchen.

"Here's a man who says Jim is arrested and a prisoner in General Wayne's camp," the mother said to her.

She turned white as a sheet, and her voice was husky as she asked:

"What has he done?"

"They say he sent a note to Sir Henry Clinton giving him information about the Continental army."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Why, he was here last night! I saw him last night and talked with him."

Her mother seemed to be surprised at her statement. Lucy turned to her and explained:

"I met him down by the water about midnight. He signaled for me, and I went down there to meet him."

"He said that he could prove by you that he did not go or——"

"Of course he can. Where is he?"

"In the American camp on the other side of the river."

"I'll go there to-day and tell the general what I know about it. I am ever so glad you came to tell me. What is your name, sir?"

"Jared Holmes!"

She started as if stung on hearing the name, and looked apprehensively at him. He returned her gaze in silence, till she finally asked:

"Did you arrest him?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Sending information to the enemy."

"But he never did. If anybody did, it was me. He told me things, and if Sir Henry Clinton got it, I am the one to blame. I'll go and tell the general so, too," and she went back into another part of the house, from which she soon returned

with bonnet and cloak for a journey. As her eyes met his again, she said with a snap:

"This will cost you your life, Jared Holmes! You are said to bear a charmed life because men have failed to kill you when you should have been. But a woman's vengeance will bring you down, depend on it!" and she sprang past him and ran down toward the river, not once looking back to see if she were followed.

Jared gazed after her till she disappeared from view, and then said to her mother:

"Jim Turner is a spy, but as he was not caught inside the American lines he may not be shot. If you can persuade your daughter to let war matters alone after this, you would do her a very great service by doing so. She has been delivering his messages to Sir Henry, and that may get her into trouble. War belongs to men—not women. Tell her to keep out of it."

The mother was pale and speechless, so overwhelmed was she at what she heard. She did not know that Lucy had been engaged in such work. Jared raised his hat, bowed low and walked away. She ran after him and said:

"You will not harm her yourself, will you?"

"God forbid that I should," he replied. "I hope never to raise my hand against a woman."

She turned back to the house and he went on toward the river. When he saw the girl again she was in a canoe and quite far out in the stream, paddling for the other side.

"She is the sort of a girl who, to save her lover, would take all the blame on herself," he said to himself, as he gazed after her. "He is a shrewd one, that Jim Turner. Not being a British soldier, he could not be called a spy, even if caught inside the lines. Then he arranged for her to deliver the information, so it will save him after all. What she told Sir Henry is another matter. Yes, it was a pretty game they were playing, but I think I broke it up. She is mad enough to kill me, and a woman is always more dangerous than a man. I must be on the lookout for her. I am now satisfied that he is the man who was with Waurega the other night. If he is, I have a grudge against him on my own account."

But time was flying. He had no time to tarry there. A horse had to be bought somewhere, so he hastened over to the old Tarrytown road, knowing that good farms lay along that route. In a little while he was on the road and pushing northward at a brisk walk. He had not gone half a mile ere he met two men, both on horseback. They were dressed as citizens, but rode as cavaliers.

"Where are you going, young man?" one of them asked him, in very peremptory tones.

"Going home to my mother," he replied, in a tone that caused the other man to smile.

"Who is your mother, and what is her name?" the first speaker asked.

"You ask too many questions for a stranger," Jared replied. "Who my mother is can be of no interest to you."

The man sprang from his saddle and threw the reins to his companion, saying:

"Hold him till I teach the lout a lesson," and he walked up to Jared and seized him by the collar.

Biff! Jared gave him a blow in the face that

sent him to grass. He sprang up again and again. Jared downed him with a blow in the face. When he arose the second time, he drew a pistol from a pocket on the inside of his coat and fired at the youth.

Crack! Jared fired just a moment later, and the man staggered, saying to his companion:

"I am shot!"

The other one drew a pistol and fired at Jared. Jared returned it, saying:

"And so are you, I guess!"

"Yes," and the man groaned as he dismounted. "I am done for!"

"Well, who is to blame?" Jared asked. "Who began the trouble?"

The second man laid down on the ground, groaning. The first one was not so badly hurt. He turned to Jared and asked:

"Are you a kingsman?"

"No; I am a patriot. You two are British soldiers, are you not?"

"Ride back to the village there and send us help—a doctor, if one is there."

"Yes, I'll do that," and he went to one of the two horses and sprang into the saddle.

The next moment he was off at full speed, going northward.

He stopped at a little tavern and asked somebody to send for a doctor for two wounded British soldiers back a way on the road, and then galloped on.

It was two days later that he rode into General Schuyler's headquarters and delivered the papers and dispatches into his hands. The general complimented Jared and requested him to remain with his force for a while, as he would have use for him. Jared complied with the general's wish.

The following week a battle was fought in which Jared distinguished himself by his bravery. In a militia regiment which joined Schuyler's force after the battle Jared met Joe Hardway, who told him a piece of news which rather knocked Jared endways. It was to the effect that Colonel Greenfield and Kate were married and all the family except Jane and his mother had turned royalists. Joe stated that if it became known in his regiment that such were true he would be looked down upon by everyone. Jared promised to help him get transferred to New York if he would manage it.

One day General Gates sent for Jared and requested him to take charge of a body of scouts, numbering several hundred, with the rank of colonel. Jared requested that Joe Hardway be transferred to his command, and the request was granted.

Jared's regiment of scouts did brave work in the field just before the surrender of the British at Saratoga. Jared met several British officers among the prisoners, and he heard one mention Colonel Greenfield's name. Jared stepped up to the officer and said he knew Greenfield, and that he had married a friend of his about three months previously.

"Why," said the officer, "Greenfield has a wife in England. Her brother is in the artillery."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Jared.

"Yes; I am acquainted with both his wife and her brother."

CHAPTER XI.—The Return Southward.

On leaving the British officer, Jared went in search of Joe Hardway. The captain of scouts was at his quarters nursing a slight wound, and Jared found him there. Taking him aside, he told him what he had learned. Joe was horror-struck, and for a few moments quite speechless.

"It's a terrible punishment to her and father," he finally remarked.

"Well," said Jared, "he shall pay for his rashness." That was all he said, but his face was terrible in its expression.

A few days after the surrender of the British army, Jared's regiment was sent down the river to co-operate with the American forces over on the New Jersey side of the Hudson. By sheer good fortune the scouts went with them, under command of Captain Joe Hardway. As they marched by easy stages they encamped near the Morris place. Jared, now in the uniform of his rank, called on the family, accompanied by Captain Hardway. They recognized him at once and gave him a royal welcome. The old man wrung his hand, and welcomed him with a warmth that brought tears to his eyes.

"So you are a colonel, eh? What was your rank when you were here three months ago?" the old man asked.

"Simply a private soldier, sir. I won my spurs at Stillwater."

"Indeed, you won them here, sir!" exclaimed the beautiful daughter of the house.

"Oh, I was not entitled to any honor for what I did that day," he replied. "Your co-operation caused me to do as well as I did. You were my inspiration. My friend, Captain Hardway here, has been extremely anxious to see you ever since I told him the story of that day."

He had already introduced Joe, and both of them blushed at his remarks. Joe lost his heart within five minutes after meeting her. He was a handsomer man than Jared, as he was five years older and had a mustache.

"The colonel has done little else but fighting and singing your praises since he left here three months ago," remarked Joe, "so you can well imagine my curiosity."

"It seems he can flatter as well as fight," she replied. "But we owe him such a debt of gratitude we can forgive any sin he may forget."

"Thanks a thousand times," and Jared bowed low to her, his hand on his heart. "If I ever sin against you or yours, may the Lord forgive me."

It was a merry party at the big house that night. Escorts were sent to four different farm houses to bring in other young ladies. The heroes of Saratoga were there, fresh from a field of victory. Whole families came to see them. Violins were brought and the dance continued beyond the midnight-hour. Ere they parted, Joe obtained permission of the young daughter of the house to call on her when chance afforded him the opportunity. Joe was too much infatuated to perceive it, however.

Early the next morning the regiment resumed the march. In due time they reached the vicinity of Harlem river. British scouts saw them and reported their presence to Sir Henry Clin-

ton. That wily chieftain knew at once that they were to cross to the west bank of the river. Only small boats could be had; hence, under the circumstances, an entire day would be consumed in crossing. He sent Colonel Greenfield to attack them when part of their number had crossed over. Jared's suspicions were aroused, and he sent Joe Hardway and his scouts to watch for the enemy. It didn't take Joe long to get at the truth. He sent word back to Jared that he would be attacked by a regiment of redcoats.

Jared instantly prepared for a fight. He had time to choose his own ground. He took up a position on a wooded height, where the enemy would have hard work to reach him, and where good protection by rocks and trees was assured.

"Comrades!" he called out to his men, "we may have another chance at the redcoats to-day. They think they can come out, take us by the collar and carry us back with them. They are no better soldiers than those you whipped at Stillwater. Let them understand that you are just down from Saratoga. They will then know why Burgoyne could not reach the Hudson. If you will take the trouble to aim well before you pull the trigger, just as you would when shooting at a bear, deer or wild turkey, you will have but little trouble in teaching the enemy a lesson in warfare. I know you and you know me, so I know that we'll stand together and whip the fight."

They liked his style. It was plain, direct and businesslike. He had never made any allusion to their aiming well before firing before, and they saw the force of it. Naturally they were good marksmen, but in battle they had been in the habit of loading as fast as they could, and firing in the direction of the enemy. While waiting for the appearance of the enemy, the men talked to each other about aiming at them. By and by the redcoats appeared in sight. They came on with a fierce rush to bayonet the rebels. But the volley that met them was stunning in its effect. Scores went down to rise no more. They were trained soldiers, though, and knew that such things were to be expected. They returned the fire and kept on. Another volley met them—withering in its destructiveness—and they recoiled. Colonel Greenfield rallied them; Jared saw and recognized him.

"Ah! I'll cross swords with him!" he exclaimed to the major of the regiment.

The enemy came on again. Jared dashed forward to meet Greenfield.

"We meet again, Greenfield!" he cried. "We are equals in rank now. You are an infamous scoundrel! Remember Kate Hardway and defend yourself!"

The British colonel was dumfounded at seeing the Spuyten Duyvil Spy in the uniform of a colonel of the Continental army. He had but little time to think, though, for Jared was on him like an avalanche. Their swords crossed and a fierce combat ensued between them. Just as a volley of musketry burst from both sides, Jared sent the sword of his foe flying through the air. He had disarmed him. The Briton drew a pistol and fired. Jared cut two fingers from his hand with a dexterous sweep of his sword, and the pistol fell to the ground. Suddenly the redcoats turned and fled in a panic.

Greenfield turned and fled, too. The Americans followed and shot down many of them.

"He has escaped me!" exclaimed Jared, in a tone of bitter disappointment. "But I'll meet him again if I have to go to his quarters to do so. The Spy of Spuyten Duyvil has not forgotten his cunning."

He called his men back from the pursuit and hurried them to the river. Long ere the British could recover from their surprise and send a brigade to repair the mischief done, the Americans were over on the west bank of the river. General Wayne received Jared with open arms, congratulating him on his promotion, and said he had come back in good time. They went into camp and spent several days in telling the others of the campaign of Saratoga. The soldiers were never tired of listening to the story, for they believed it to be a fatal blow to the king's cause in America, and expected to soon hear of the acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies.

CHAPTER XII.—The British Colonel's Exposure.

Let us now follow Colonel Greenfield in his precipitate retreat after his encounter with Jared Holmes beyond the Harlem. His regiment was badly cut up, having left over one hundred dead or wounded behind them. Many were slightly wounded, and went, bleeding, back with their comrades to tell the story of the worst thrashing they had ever received. But none but their colonel knew that their defeat had been inflicted by the erstwhile Spy of Spuyten Duyvil, of whom they had heard so much.

With his hand tied up in his handkerchief and two fingers gone, the British colonel hurried back to the city and sent for the surgeon. The news spread through the army that Gates' entire army, flushed with victory, had come down to the Harlem to give battle to Sir Henry. The lines were strengthened clear across the island, and preparations for a vigorous defense were made. As soon as his wound was dressed, Colonel Greenfield hastened to the Hardway home, where he had resided ever since his marriage to Kate. She was frantic with grief at the loss of his two fingers, and was unremitting in her attentions to him. He told her it was a fierce fight against great odds—that he had crossed swords with the American leader, whoever he was, wounded him and would have run him through had he not been attacked by two other rebel officers.

While they were talking the matter over a British soldier came up to the house with a package in his hand, addressed to Colonel Greenfield, saying it had been sent through the lines under a flag of truce. Kate took it, and as the colonel was then asleep, she opened it. In it were two fingers. She gave a scream and let the package fall to the ground. Jane picked it up and found a note in it, reading:

"Colonel Jared Holmes' compliments to Colonel Greenfield, and begs leave to return to him the two fingers he left behind him on Tuesday last! Also to express the hope that he may have the

pleasure of meeting him again in the near future. He begs to inform him that the brother of his wife in England was captured at Saratoga, and sends word that his wife was well when he last heard from her."

Jane read every line of the note, and then handed it to Kate, who had recovered, in a measure, from her fright. She read it and instantly flew into a rage.

"It's just like Jared Holmes to do a mean trick like that," she said. "He is trying to ruin my happiness, but he can't do it. And even tries to make us believe he is a colonel, too."

"He is one," said Jane.

"How do you know he is?" Kate asked her.

"Because he says so. Jared Holmes is not a liar, sister mine. This is the second time he has whipped the colonel. It was really kind of him to send the fingers back."

Just then Colonel Greenfield came downstairs, his wounded hand in a sling and bandaged. Kate handed him the note. Jane had picked up the severed fingers and laid them on the table. He read the note and turned as pale as death.

"Where did this come from?" he asked, looking at Kate.

"A soldier brought it a little while ago, saying it had been sent through the lines to you. Did you meet Jared Holmes, and is he a colonel?"

Kate looked confidently up at him as she spoke, for she did not have even the shadow of a doubt on her mind.

"Yes, I met him. He wore the uniform of a rebel colonel. We fought and I lost my fingers in the melee. Had others not come to his aid I would have cut him down. I did not mention his name to you for fear of disturbing you. I don't know whether he is really an officer or not. But his allusion to a wife of mine in England is a despicable attempt on his part to worry you. That's why he had this sent here, thinking it would fall into your hands without my knowledge. Those are not my fingers, for they were amputated by the surgeon after I returned to our lines."

"Oh, the mean villain!" Kate exclaimed indignantly. "He ought to have his head cut off!"

"It will be if I ever meet him again."

"Colonel, have you a wife in England?"

It was Jane who asked the question. She had noticed that he failed to say he had not when speaking to Kate. She had never fully trusted him.

"No, I have not," he answered.

Kate gave her a quick glance of triumph and exclaimed:

"There! Are you satisfied now?"

"No, I am not."

The colonel turned fiercely on her with:

"You are a rebel at heart! I care nothing for your opinion," and he put his other arm around Kate's waist and led her out on the piazza, where he told her he would no longer live under the same roof with Jane.

"She is your sister," he said, "but is my enemy. I want to have you where she cannot poison your mind against me. We will board elsewhere."

"No one on earth could poison my mind against you," Kate protested.

"I believe you feel so, but still think it best that you go with me."

She refused to leave her parents and so he kissed her and left himself.

Then the mother interfered and put a stop to the quarrel. The old man, who had been out looking after his farm the greater part of the day, came in and was told what had happened.

"Don't believe a word that villain says!" he blurted out. "Jared Holmes is a double-dyed villain, who ought to be killed or hanged."

Kate agreed with him. But she wept and moaned all the evening because her husband would not come home that evening. The old man scolded Jane roundly for what she had done. When darkness came on the family sat down to supper. They were half through the meal when the door opened, and a man in a countryman's garb stepped inside and closed it after him. The old man sprang to his feet, suspecting him to be the Spy of Spuyten Duyvil and reached for his gun hanging on the wall.

"Father!" the stranger spoke. "Mother! Jane!"

"It's Joe!" gasped the mother, almost overcome with joy.

"Keep quiet!" Joe said sternly. "I am in danger here," and he went to his mother and kissed her. Jane and Kate followed. Then he embraced the old man, who burst into tears, for he loved his brave boy.

"Give me some supper. I am very hungry," said Joe.

They made room for him and he sat down with them. They conversed in low tones. He told them he was a captain of scouts, and that Jared Holmes was a colonel, with a big name as a fighter.

"He is my best friend in the army," he said. "He paved the way for me after he was himself promoted. General Gates said he was the bravest officer in the army. He captured the only battery the British lost at Stillwater."

Then he looked at Kate.

"I hear you have married a British officer. Is it true?"

"Yes, it is true."

Kate had steeled herself for the ordeal, for she knew he would speak of it soon.

"A Colonel Greenfield?"

"Yes."

"I met his wife's brother at Saratoga. He is a captain in the Royal Artillery."

Kate merely smiled. She would not believe it.

"You don't believe it?" he asked.

"I don't believe he has any wife but me," she replied.

"Well, I am satisfied that he has. His brother-in-law did not know he had married you or any one else, and spoke of him quite freely. Two other officers, who know both him and his wife, spoke to the same effect."

"But he denied it this very day," said Kate.

"Of course. Would you expect him to acknowledge it if true?"

"If it is true, I'll kill him!" said the old man.

"No! That would hang you. Colonel Holmes and myself will attend to him. Holmes sent him his two fingers. Did he get them?"

Kate suddenly slid out of her chair in a swoon. The threat to kill her husband was too much

for her. Great confusion ensued. The old man took her up in his arms and bore her to her room, and her mother and sister set to work with such restoratives as were at hand. She soon came to, but did naught but moan and sob after that. Her mother remained with her, while Jane and her father spent the time with Joe.

The young captain bitterly upbraided the old man for deserting the patriot cause. He told him that Washington would succeed and the country be free and independent. The old man said that Jared Holmes had been the cause of it.

"Jared told me all about that," said Joe. "You treated him like a dog and kicked him. No brave man could stand that. He will be a general if the war lasts a year longer. You must have lost your senses, father."

"Just what I told him a thousand times, brother," said Jane. "I have had faith in Jared all the time."

"Greenfield will be killed as sure as the sun rises," said Joe. "Jared and I have both sworn to do it."

"How long are you going to stay inside the lines?" the old man asked.

"I must get away to-night."

"You must not attempt to come here again. It is too dangerous."

"I wanted to see if it was true about Kate. The war will end soon, I think. Burgoyne's army was an immense loss to the king's cause, and may lead to peace. But try to keep Greenfield away from Kate. You had better see him and tell him that the truth is known, and advise him to keep away."

He saw his mother again and then slipped away. The next day Kate was ill, and a doctor had to be called in. A week passed and Greenfield had not sent any message to her. Od Peter went in search of him—to headquarters. He had been transferred to the army in Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Dying Hessian's Message.

About four weeks after Joe's visit to his parents inside the British lines, the redcoats made an advance above the Harlem for forage and reconnoitering purposes. Hardway's scouts, now well known to the enemy as very troublesome fellows, harassed them a good deal. But they were in too much force for the scouts to make a bold attack, so Colonel Holmes quietly crossed the Hudson on a dark night, and slipped across the country to the rear of the foraging party.

The result was a sharp fight in which the redcoats were badly cut up. They broke up into small parties to make their escape back to their lines. Many were captured, others shot down as they ran, and still others surrendered. All the teams fell into the hands of the victors.

Among the wounded captured was a Hessian officer—a captain. He was a bold, dashing, handsome fellow, of about thirty years of age. He was mortally wounded and asked to see the American officer in command. Jared went to him.

"Colonel, I am done for," the Hessian said, in broken English.

"I hope not, captain. You seem like a strong man," Jared replied.

"No, I shall be dead in a few hours. I have a wife in New York to whom I was married but two weeks ago. Will you kindly deliver a message to her for me?"

"I pledge you my honor to try to do so, captain."

"Thank you. My name is Max Von Kredenburg, of Hesse Cassel. My father's family is well known there, and I have a goodly fortune in property there. Tell my wife to go there with the evidence to establish our marriage, which she can do, as we had witnesses to the ceremony, and take possession of it for herself. You will find her at the 'Pewter Mug' tavern, which is kept by her father, Hans Wrangel, and——"

"What!" gasped Jared, as if stung. "Is Freda your wife?"

"Yes, colonel. Do you know her?"

"Yes, yes. I know her well," and Jared was a picture to look at. But the dying man did not seem to notice his agitation.

Two hours later the wounded officer breathed his last. Jared immediately had the body placed in a wagon, and under a flag of truce sent it to the enemy's line, with a statement to the effect that the dead man had requested that it should be done. Jared was badly broken up over the discovery of the perfidy of Freda Wrangel.

"She was bought by his title," she said to himself, with a bitter irony. "Kate Hardway did the same thing. They both preferred an officer to the poor Spy of Spuyten Duyvil. Women have a great weakness for rank and titles. They worship a man with a title. Lord, but I wonder if she can look me in the face again? I'll have to see her and give her his message. I may as well go over there again in the old way, see her and Kate, and then call on Greenfield as I promised him I would."

One day a young redcoat soldier entered the "Pewter Mug" tavern and called for a mug of ale. Old Hans Wrangel waited on him. He sat there for some time and finally called for a second mug. When the old man brought it to him, the young redcoat said:

"You are the father of Madam Von Kredenburg?"

"Yes," and the old man looked inquiringly at him.

"Where is she?"

"In her room. She does not attend bar any more."

"I was with the captain when he died, and he gave me a message for her; I have come to deliver it. Will you tell her so?"

"Yes," and he hurried out into the dining room to see his wife about it.

In a few minutes he returned to conduct the young soldier into the sitting room. Freda was in there waiting for him. The young soldier looked hard at her, and asked:

"Are you Freda, the wife of Captain Von Kredenburg?"

"Yes—now his widow," she replied.

"Do you know this ring?" and he held out to her the ring the captain had given into his charge.

"Yes, yes," she sobbed, sinking down into a chair and burying her face in her hands.

"He told me to give it to you so you would know I was with him," and he took hold of her hand and placed the ring on one of her fingers. Then he gave her the message he brought, telling her very minutely everything the captain had said to him.

"The colonel of the rebel regiment was present," he added, "and after the captain's death told me he knew you well, and that he would try to get permission to return to our lines that I might deliver you the message."

"Why, who could it be?" she asked.

"Colonel Holmes—Jared Holmes, he said his name was, and said you would remember him, as he knew you well when he was a private soldier."

She turned white as a sheet, and then flushed till her face was crimson.

"Yes—I—know him," she said, "but I hadn't heard he was a colonel."

"His men told me he had won his spurs at Stillwater and Saratoga. It was his regiment that cut up your husband's regiment in the fight."

She caught her breath. He looked hard at her, and seemed to be waiting for her to say something.

"Did he send me no message?" she finally asked, after a struggle for composure.

"No."

She flushed again, but said no more on the subject. He rose to leave. She asked him to call again as she wanted to ask him some questions which her present agitation made it impossible for her to put to him.

"I may call again in the evening, if I am not on duty," he said, and then he bowed himself out and returned to the taproom, where he called for and drank a mug of ale. Settling the score, he passed out into the street.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Meeting at the Well.

Jared Holmes was the most soldierly-looking redcoat in the street as he strode along Whitehall. Women turned to admire him, and officers noticed him, little dreaming he was the famous Spy of Spuyten Duyvil. Up Whitehall to Broadway, and thence to the headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton. There he walked about, and inquired for Colonel Greenfield.

"He has been transferred to Philadelphia," said one soldier.

After verifying the statement, the spy made his way up toward the old Hardway place. He reached there in the middle of the afternoon, and saw Jane come out to the well for a pail of water just as he arrived.

"Lady, will you give me a drink of water?"

"Water is free to all, save where the king's soldiers make it otherwise," she replied.

"Ah! I see you are a rebel," he said, smiling rather blandly, "and yet your sister is married to a king's officer."

"He is a villain. He had a wife in England when he married my sister."

"Jane!" he called, in his old natural tone of voice. She looked back at him, and set the pail down again.

"Jared, you have come back to us again!" she

said, and then, in her excitement, leaned against the curb for support.

"Yes, Jane, I am here again, and God bless you for remaining true to the cause of our country. Had Kate and her father remained true also, it would have been better for all."

"Oh, Jared! They will kill you if they catch you here!"

"Of course they would, but they must first catch me. A soldier must run great risks for his cause."

"But you are an officer now. Why be a spy any longer?"

"I am not here as a spy. I came to see you and kill Greenfield. He has fled to Philadelphia—didn't feel safe here in Sir Henry Clinton's army."

"You came to see me, Jared?" she asked, looking wistfully at him.

"Yes, Jane, for you are the only girl that seems to be true and stanch. Joe told me you were the only one in the family here who was really a patriot. Oh, I like a girl who can remain true to a man or a cause against all the world."

"I could never change from either, Jared," she managed to say.

"Well, I would be a happy man if such a woman's love was mine."

"There are many such in the world, Jared, who are looking for good and true men," she remarked.

"I would be true until death to such a woman."

"And so could I to such a man."

"Jane, give me your love. I am a heart-hungry man."

"You have had my love for over a year, Jared."

"Jane!"

"Yes, Jared, even when I knew you were trying to win Kate. I knew she would not love you, for she is not the one you could be content with. Do you love me?"

"Ever since Joe told me how you remained a patriot when your father turned Tory. He told me how you stood up for me and defended me. Wait for me, Jane, and you shall be the wife of a general who will be as true to you as to his country."

"I will wait, Jared, and be as happy as a bird all the time. Do you wish to see mother?"

"I don't think I ought to let any one else know that I am here at this time. I'll see her simply as a British soldier. Ah! Here she comes now. She probably thinks you are flirting with a redcoat."

Mrs. Hardway came out to the well, and the redcoat saluted her with great deference. She looked hard at him and then at Jane.

"He saw the fight between Jared and Colonel Greenfield, mother," Jane explained.

"And did he really cross swords with him?" the mother asked.

"He did, madam, and Colonel Holmes got the best of it. The rebel colonel was too much for him. I saw him retreat to save himself after losing two of his fingers."

"It is a pity his head did not go with his fingers," said the mother.

"How, now, madam! That is treason to the king!"

"Down with the king! I hate all kingsmen!"

Colonel Greenfield is a villain! He married my daughter when he had a wife living in England."

"Served her right—served you right—for no patriot can marry an enemy of her country."

Mrs. Hardway was astonished. She looked hard at him again.

"Don't let him know who I am!"

"No—no," and the mother shook her head.

It was such a common thing for redcoats to stop at the well for a drink of water, the old man did not notice him—did not even speak to him. He was embittered against the uniform, and passed on to the house. Half an hour later Jared went away.

"Did you see Jared Holmes yesterday, father?" Jane asked the old man next morning.

"No! Was he here?"

"Yes; that redcoat at the wall was Jared—Colonel Holmes, of the Continental army!"

Kate gasped, and the old man stared in amazement.

"He is looking for Greenfield to keep his oath with him," she said. "He didn't find him, so he came here and asked me to wait for him till the war ended, when he'd make me the wife of a general. That's why I was singing so last night. My heart sings all the time now."

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

The scene of conflict shifted southward, and Colonel Jared Holmes went with Gates to the Carolinas. He was with him on the ill-fated field of Camden, where the laurels of Saratoga fought like a tiger and was wounded. But he escaped and was laid up for a month. When he went into the field again the intrepid Greene was in command, and Cornwallis was pursuing him with a savage ferocity.

One day a prisoner told Jared Colonel Greenfield was in command of the dragoons who were pressing the patriots so hard.

"Just the man I want to see," said Jared, and he made preparations for a stand. "I've been waiting for him a long time."

Two days later he was ready for the tussle. He got his regiment together and waited for the enemy. The dragoons who had been pressing them pretty hard made a furious charge, expecting to see the patriots run. But instead they saw them stand firm and deliver volley after volley full in their faces. The entire front line went down. Greenfield rallied them and led the charge in person.

"We meet again, colonel!" Jared cried. "How's your hand? Can you defend yourself?"

"Yes, traitor! You spy!" fiercely replied the Briton.

"Glad to hear it! That's for Kate Hardway!" and he made a cut that laid open the cheek of the polished villain. Greenfield could not well fence with a skilled swordsman after such a cut as that. Jared rushed at him again, beat down his guard and pierced his shoulder.

"That's for Kate Hardway!" he sang out again.

"I surrender! I am wounded!" cried Greenfield.

"You can't surrender, you villain! That's for Kate Hardway!" and he pierced his shoulder again.

Greenfield spurred his horse. The dragoons were being pushed back so that none could go to the rescue of their leader. But his horse sprang away and dashed back to their lines. But when he got there he was riderless. Greenfield had fallen from the saddle. Jared sprang to the ground and ran his sword through him, saying:

"That's for Kate Hardway!"

Jared stooped over and took from his finger a ring which the Briton had worn for years. It was a valuable one and of a curious pattern. Then he remounted his horse and rushed into the fight again.

When the American army was safe beyond pursuit, Jared sent the ring he had taken from Greenfield to Jane Hardway, with a full account of the death of the villain. A trusty messenger delivered it after two weeks of constant attempts to get through the lines.

Kate grew frantic when she saw the ring and knew that the villainous Briton was dead. With all his faults she loved him still, and never really forgave his slayer for the terrible vengeance he had wreaked.

Cornwallis laid down his arms on the field at Yorktown, and again the hilltops throughout America blazed with bonfires. Bells rang out peals of joy, and the Sun of Liberty rose never to set again. Jared Holmes had performed prodigies of valor under the eyes of the commander-in-chief, who rode up to him and shook his hand in the face of friends and foes. Again and again did he have occasion to thank him in the name of the army and the Continental Congress.

When the British evacuated New York several regiments of the Continental army marched down into the city from Harlem. People lined the road and streets, mad with joy. Tories were terror-stricken, and hundreds of them went away with the British.

One regiment marched proudly along, cheering at every step. At their head rode Colonel Joe Hardway. In advance of him rode a young general and his staff. He wore a beard, but it was plain that he was the youngest general in the army. As he rode along his eyes scanned the faces of the spectators. Suddenly he sprang from his horse, rushed to the side of a young woman, folded her in his arms, pressed her to his heart and covered her face with kisses.

She was Jane Hardway and he was General Holmes—a young hero of a score of battlefields.

Old Peter Hardway was glad enough to hail him as a son-in-law. Kate never forgave him, though she lived many years after the war. His old mother shared in his honors, and spent her old age in comfort at his fireside.

Next week's issue will contain "TWO YANKEE BOYS AMONG THE KAFFIRS; OR, THE SEARCH FOR KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

CURRENT NEWS

SKIN FROM CHEEK MAKES NEW EYELID

Grafting on a new eyelid was one of the many delicate operations watched at clinics by hundreds of surgeons attending the American College of Surgeons' annual meeting recently. Dr. K. C. Wold took skin from the cheek of a patient and replaced an injured eyelid.

area of the mat, with cross pieces dividing the inside into small sections. Within these are placed the willow trees and bushes that are later bound with heavy cables and towed to their destination. On arriving there they are anchored over the spot to be protected and then covered with earth and broken stones until they sink.

LATHES 210 FEET LONG

It is not generally known that the largest gun lathes of the United States are at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., and at the armor plant, Charleston, S. C. The huge lathes, 210 feet in length, can turn steel castings as large as 8 feet in diameter and 90 feet long. These lathes, which were intended to turn guns surpassing even mammoth German Big Berthas, are driven by motors manufactured by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

YEAR OF 13 MONTHS IS URGED

A movement directed at "our antiquated time calendar" is getting under way. The "Liberty Calendar Association of America" is behind it.

It is proposed that there be thirteen months fifty-two weeks and 361 days, with the odd day called "New Year's Day," to come between Dec. 31 and Jan. 1. In Leap Year the odd day would be called "Leap Year Day," and would come between June 30 and July 1. The extra month is to be called "Vera," because it takes in "Vernal Equinox" and would begin spring.

WILLOWS HOLD BACK THE MISSISSIPPI

Green willows—the ordinary willow that grows alongside rivers and brooks—made into huge mats 200 feet long and 100 feet wide are doing more toward holding the Mississippi River in its course than thousands of tons of stone and closely packed earth.

In making the mats, says Popular Science, timber frames are constructed around the entire

By the arrangement outlined in a bill introduced in the House by Representative Schall of Minnesota, each day of the month would always come on a certain day. Easter would fall on March 14, corresponding with the present April 9, and would always be the ninety-ninth day of the year.

The proponents declare that "this simplification will dispense with need for printed calendars, saving about \$25,000,000 a year from this alone."

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CHAPTER IV.

The Handwriting.

"The breastpin would attract unusual notice anywhere from the fact that the setting is of the commonest kind, and is really made from four pins that are of the value of perhaps two cents, but they hold together in the setting a diamond, a ruby, a sapphire and an emerald, all fine stones of great value. The history of the breastpin is this:

"In the days when persons suspected of plotting against the king were promptly seized and thrown into the Bastille a member of a noble family, a gentleman who was loyal to the king but who had enemies who plotted to destroy him, was made a prisoner by royal order and thrown into the gloomy prison, and not only that, but his enemies had so poisoned the mind of the king against him that he ordered him confined in one of the deepest dungeons, in total darkness.

"Once a day a jailor opened the door of the cell and handed in food to him without speaking a word, and there he was left in solitary grief to spend his nights and days in darkness. He was a man of education and he knew that the solitary confinement, with not a word uttered to him, would in a short time destroy his reason and he tried to think of some way in which to occupy his mind. He was in despair until he found four large pins in his clothing and then he hit upon an idea to save himself from going insane in his solitary prison.

"The idea came to him that if those pins were lost and he had to find them, that it would serve as something to occupy his mind. Standing up in his cell, and whirling around so as to destroy all sense of direction he cast the pins from him one by one and then got down on his hands and knees in the total darkness of his prison and began to search for them.

"He afterwards stated that it sometimes took him hours to find all four pins, and that whenever he got them all again and put them in his coat that he felt a sense of satisfaction. He had something to do!

"It was a month before his family and friends succeeded in convincing the king that the man was innocent, and then he was released, worn to a mere shadow, but in his right mind, saved from insanity by the four pins that he had searched for by the hour. Naturally, the pins became objects of importance to that family, and in order to preserve them they were handed over to a jeweler with the stones I have mentioned and made into

the odd-looking breastpin I purchased a few years ago."

The two boys had listened with breathless interest to the story.

"That beats anything I ever heard in the line of jewelry," said Dick Dale.

"Yes," said Dan, "and if the thief happens to know the story he will hold on to that particular article in order to get a fancy price for it."

Then Dick took out his notebook and sat down to make out the description of the lost gems as Tessie Jones recalled them.

Among other articles which the bareback rider described was a pearl ring in which a shred of yellow silk had been caught, torn from a fancy colored bow which she had worn. The shred of silk had caught in the mounting in such a manner that the woman was afraid that she would loosen the prongs if she tried to dislodge it, and had therefore permitted it to stay there rather than take the chance of losing one of the pearls.

When the list was completed Dick asked for the anonymous letter that had started all the trouble. It was handed over to him, and he and Dan studied the handwriting.

There was no doubt in their minds that the note was written in a disguised hand, but one peculiar fact attracted their attention. There were several words beginning with the capital letter "H," and these were not only all alike, but peculiar in their construction.

"Look at them," said Dan, laying his finger on them one after the other as they ran through the note. "Do you see that they are all made in such a way that the first, or left hand half of the letter is formed like the capital letter 'I,' and if left standing alone would serve for that letter, and then the second half of the letter is made by a simple down stroke and joined by a cross stroke?"

"Yes; that is odd," said Dick.

"It's a peculiarity that sticks to the writer, and which he forgot to alter when he wrote the anonymous note," said Dan, "and in the hands of the detective it may prove to be an important piece of evidence."

The boys thanked the bareback rider for her kindness, and then left the room and walked down the stairs to sit on the hotel porch until the bell rang for supper. Most of the better paid members of the company stopped at the hotel, and sitting out in front they found the manager.

"Well, boys," said Manager Wells, with a grimace, "your little affair is going to make trouble for me. I must telegraph to New York for another hat spinner."

"Why?" asked Dan.

"Carrington has left."

"When did that happen?"

"Just a short time ago. He sent a note to me with a receipt enclosed for the half week that was coming to him, saying that after suffering the humiliation of being knocked down by a boy in the presence of the entire company that he could not face those people again, and asking me to send him what was due him by the messenger who brought the note as he was short of time to catch his train and was packing up to get out of town. Here is the note."

(To be continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

FACE POWDER FATAL

Coroner Edward Fitzgerald of Westchester county was called to Yonkers, N. Y., recently to investigate the death of an eight-months-old girl which, the Coroner was informed, was ascribed to the accidental inhaling of face powder. The child was the daughter of Mrs. H. A. Henderley of McMahon avenue, Yonkers. The child inhaled the powder, which caused an internal irritation that developed into pneumonia.

SERVANT ARRAYS SELF IN \$1,000 OF MISTRESS' FINERY.

Chriatiana Daniels, seventeen, a negress of Elmhurst, L. I., was hired as a domestic the other morning by Mrs. Charles Lipschitz, of No. 35 Nicholas Terrace, New York. Chriatiana was on the job a few hours when Mrs. Lipschitz went out to do some shopping. When she got back home this is what she says she saw:

The negress was all dressed up in Mrs. Lipschitz's \$350 fur coat and \$250 silk gown, and with about \$400 worth of her jewelry, ready to make a quick exit from the apartment.

Patrolman Rodgers of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station arrested the girl.

WHITE AND COLORED FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

According to a report of the Fourteenth (1920) Census recently issued, of the 6,448,366 farmers in the United States in 1920 5,498,359 were white and 950,007 were colored, while in 1910 out of a total of 6,361,502 farmers, 5,440,619 were white and 920,883 were colored. White farmers thus represents 85.3 per cent. of all farmers in 1920, as compared with 85.5 per cent., or practically the same proportion, in 1910.

Between 1910 and 1920 the number of white farmers increased 57,740, or 1.1 per cent., and the number of colored farmers, 29,124, or 3.2 per cent.

The 950,007 colored farmers in 1920 comprised 926,257 negroes, 16,213 Indians, 6,899 Japanese and 638 Chinese. The corresponding figures for 1910 were 893,370 negroes, 24,251 Indians, 4,502 Japanese and 760 Chinese.

BUFFALO HERD MAY OUTGROW PARK LIMITS

With the buffalo in the Government park at Wainwright, Canada, numbering more than 5,000 and with prospects of the herd, now the largest in the world, eventually outgrowing the 100,000-acre park, the Canada Government is seeking ways to commercialize the surplus animals.

There is an excellent market for buffalo meat. All the buffalo the Government cares to kill can be sold at fine prices in both Canada and the United States. Some of the surplus bulls, it is said, will be killed this winter for the market.

Buffalo robes, the Dominion Park Commission says, command a price of \$100 apiece. They are remarkably durable and even with the hardest service will last for years. Buffalo robes were in

common use fifty years ago when the remnants of the once great herds were still in existence. Now, with the source cut off by the almost complete extermination of the bison, they are rarely seen.

Mounted heads sell for \$125 to \$250. The latter price was obtained for several recently in Montreal. If several hundred buffalo are killed annually, however, the head market will soon become overstocked.

Experiments have been made in tanning buffalo hides. This may be developed, it is thought, into an important industry, as the leather is tough, pliable and, it is claimed, practically waterproof. The wool which the animals shed every spring has been manufactured into a strong cloth fabric which has industrial possibilities, though of a restructured kind. The wool is gathered up from about the park, but it is believed it may be practicable to shear the buffalo annually like sheep.

Wainwright Park is in the heart of a region once roamed by trappers of the Hudson Bay Company, now selling the last remaining lands of its old empire to farm settlers. The park was stocked twelve years ago with 740 animals purchased in Montana from Michael Pablo, a Flat-head Indian.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

Who Stole Mr. Williams' Money

By COL. RALPH FENTON

One of the hardest things in detective life is for the officer to be obliged to report on family matters. No matter how long he has been in the business, or how fire-proof he has become, the detective who will make a report which he knows will break up a family and bring wretchedness to half a dozen persons, is a scarce article. That is, he will report to his chief verbally or by letter, and thus let the information get to those who hunger for it and yet dread to hear the truth. To face a husband when the horror of dishonor is upon him—to report to a wife that her husband long since ceased to love her, and that her only remedy is the scandal of a divorce suit, is a position no one in the service wants to fill a second time.

A fair share of the detective business of every city in the land hinges upon family matters, and the work done seldom appears in print, or if the newspaper reporters get hold of the circumstances, the particulars are kept away from them.

For a long term of years my assignments as a detective connected with the force of one of our large cities were entirely of this character, and some of the incidents can be related without injury to anyone's feelings.

I did not associate with the criminal detectives at all, and the majority of them did not know me by name.

One morning I was sent for by the chief to take up a new case, and when I entered his office I found a lady present.

She was a woman not over twenty-five years of age, wife of a merchant whom I will call Williams.

They had been married about a year and a half, and it was said that it was a love match.

She had come to headquarters in her own carriage in broad daylight to tell her story to the chief and seek the services of a detective.

I may tell you that I was prejudiced in her favor from the very first glance.

She was one of those women whose every word is of interest, and whose every gesture has a touch of artlessness in it. And she could shed big tears, and catch little sobs, and put such a look into her brown eyes as would make even an old detective almost want to die for her.

When her story had been simmered down it amounted to this: For some time past she had been missing jewelry and sums of money. A private detective had been employed, but had met with no success in discovering the thief. One robbery included a valuable diamond ring; another a pair of earrings; a third the sum of \$400 in gold; a fourth the sum of \$300 in greenbacks. About ten days previous to her visit a package \$12,000 had been taken from her husband's secretary, and at the same time she had missed a diamond brooch from her dressing case. One of the regular detectives had been working on this last steal for over a week, and was still at it,

although he had thus far been unable to secure a clue.

It was not only natural that Mrs. Williams should be interested in the recovery of the property, but that her great interest should lead her to call at headquarters to consult with the chief.

In fact, her husband was confined to his room by an attack of gout, and, for all we knew, to the contrary, it was by his advice that she came.

It would appear sharper in me to say that I suspected something wrong from the very start, but honesty compels me to say that I didn't.

When she had departed the chief said to me:

"This looks like a very simple case, and I can't see why Taylor has not picked up some clue. The robberies have been perpetrated by some of the servants, and I'll give you a fortnight to trap the guilty party."

I was at liberty to consult Taylor.

The only servants who had access to the bedroom were the chambermaid and the butler.

This last personage had no right there, of course, but having the run of the house he could slip into the room.

Taylor had suspected him, rather than the chambermaid, and had devoted his whole time to watching the man. Nothing but disappointments had turned up.

The butler had the best of recommendations, was without vices of any sort, and a search of his effects had brought nothing to light which could implicate him.

It was agreed that I should look out for the chambermaid, and I put in a week on the case to find out that she also had the best of recommendations, and that the probabilities were all in her favor.

If it was true that either of the servants had committed the robberies, it was likewise true that they had covered their tracks so well that we had no hopes of making an arrest.

I worked on the case three weeks, and then abandoned it. Mrs. Williams seemed much more disappointed than her husband over the failure, and she shed tears of vexation when informed that I was to drop the case, or at least cease active work.

I meant to keep the butler and chambermaid under surveillance for a time longer, but I could not promise that anything would come of it.

The third day after this Fate played me a curious trick.

I had dropped into a family restaurant for a plate of oysters and not caring to have comers and goers study my face I went upstairs to be served in one of the little rooms or stalls.

I had devoured my oysters and drank my coffee when a lady and gentleman entered the next stall on the right, and it wasn't ten seconds before I recognized Mrs. Williams' voice.

The man's identity I also soon established by his looks.

He was a handsome, dissipated chap named Raynor, known in all the clubs as a great spend-thrift, and reported to the police as a reckless gambler.

The pair were scarcely seated in the stall when the lady said:

"Will, I can do no more for you. I have robbed

myself, stolen from my husband, and perjured myself to the officers to help you out of your troubles. You are no sooner out of one trouble than you bring another upon yourself."

"Softly, Sister Nell, softly!" chided the man. "I have always been kind to you. I have always been the best brother in the world. Give me a chance. I was horribly in debt. You have come to my aid in a grand way, and heaven will bless you for it."

"Hush! Heaven cannot bless me for stealing from my husband to pay your gambling debts. Do you know the value of that package I gave you the night you came and threatened to commit suicide?"

"About \$12,000, I believe, and it helped me out of three or four bad scrapes."

"And I thought it was only \$200! Oh, brother, I am afraid you are down to ruin."

"Pooh! pooh! Nell, I am no worse than hundreds of others who are sowing their wild oats. Make a raise of a couple of thousand for me this week and I'll go to Europe and remain away until I can steady down."

With that I walked in on the pair. A few words had made the case as plain as day.

While it was "all in the family," as the saying is, and while there was no probability that the dissolute brother would be punished, I did not rest until he had been taken into Williams' presence and made to confess all.

I left the house in company with the brother, and as we gained the walk he asked:

"Do you think the old man would shell out a couple of thousand for me?"

"You must be crazy!" I replied.

"Then the game is up, and here's good-by to you!" he exclaimed, and before I could lift a hand he had pulled a pistol and sent a bullet into his head.

RATTAN BASKETS MADE HERE

Rattans from Singapore, rattans that have waved in Malay marshes where head hunters prowl and brown witches chant their invocations of black magic, come to New York by ton loads to solve one of the minor but very pressing problems of city life. And that problem is the transportation of the steaks and chops and legs of lamb we devour. You've seen the frenzied butchers' boys lugging the big, heavily laden baskets on wheeled runners along the sidewalks where marketing is heaviest, and you may have wondered how long that apparently flimsy container could survive such riotous handling. But the humble rattan survives longer than any other container. An old New York basket manufacturer vouched for that as he discussed the subject the other day in his factory on Great Jones street.

The place was not crowded and the basket weavers were all grown men. They sat on the floor or on low stools twisting and weaving strands of the heaviest and toughest basket fiber used in the world—the young rattan from the East Indies.

This fiber is shipped to New York through the port of Singapore, said one of the men. The strands vary in thickness from the size of a woman's little finger to the thickness of a man's thumb, and are about twelve feet long.

The heaviest strands are used for weaving meat baskets, said the man, who had been making and selling rattan baskets in the same spot for more than thirty years.

"Meat baskets are used to take daily meat orders to hotels and restaurants," he said. "With one exception I should say that they get the heaviest work and the hardest handling. We make them about the size and shape usually of ordinary clothes baskets, but at least ten times as strong and reenforced with metal straps and iron handles that run under the bottom, which is shod with wooden runners. Made in this way a meat basket can stand the wear and tear of Manhattan every day for about a year—and that is more than any other type of container not in itself too heavy to handle will do.

"We make them by hand because there is no satisfactory machine that we know of able to make all different shapes and sizes of baskets wanted for lugging meat, bread, laundry and dozens of other things.

"The heaviest and largest made is the coaling basket. Many of the ships in the harbor are coaled from the barges with these baskets, which generally are woven square and large enough to hold a thousand pounds of coal at a time. The bottom of these is of heavy timber, and they are strongly reenforced. About a dozen, I believe, are used at a time, being swung up and down by cranes.

"We let the rattan lie for twenty-four hours, as a rule, in the soaking vat. It is soaked in cold water and becomes flexible enough to work.

"The best basket makers on this heavy service basket work, at any rate, are English. My experience with baskets goes back nearly forty years and I guess I have hired almost every type of basket weaver. Perhaps my best man now is that English boy just starting a new basket. His father worked here for me nearly thirty years ago. Then he went back to England, and now his son has come to New York and is making baskets in the same place and in the same way his father did."

DEER RACE RAILROAD TRAIN

The spectacle of three deer racing with a Delaware Valley train near Stroudsburg, Pa., caused a lot of interest among the passengers.

Three does on the tracks ran ahead of the train for some distance, but the train gained on them steadily. Finally two of the does jumped a high wire fence and ran through the fields, while the third continued to race just off the rails. After running some distance this doe jumped the fence, the trio finally taking the State road.

Most of the distance traversed was very icy and all the witnesses marvelled at the surefootedness of the animals.

There are apparently large numbers of the deer in that section, and in some instances they are very tame. Autoists have been surprised to discover them along the highway.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

OYSTERS' GREATEST ENEMY

The starfish clings with its five fleshy fingers to the shells of oysters while its five centrally situated sharp teeth eat a hole through which it can suck the living flesh. It has an insatiable appetite.

CATALINA'S GREEN SHEEP

On the first working day after Christmas John E. Maurer, President of the Maurer Cattle Company, which owns thousands of sheep on Catalina Island, Cal., was making an inspection of the animals with a number of associates. Sharp disagreement arose as to the grouping of the sheep, some maintaining that there was only one large block, while others were positive that there were two. Still others vehemently insisted that there were three, or even four.

However, they agreed on one startling fact, that all of the sheep were green—so green that as they moved off it seemed that whole meadows were smoothly slipping along over the hills and down the valleys.

Finally overtaking the animals, the inspecting party found that grass and weed seeds, imbedded in the wool on the backs of the animals had been stimulated by recent rains to germinate. The result was that as the sheep crowded together they appeared to have almost as attractive pasturage on their backs as under their feet.

BY TRAPPING GETS MONEY FOR LESSONS

Enthusiasts for thrift among young women will find few more interesting stories than that of Miss Ethel Taylor, a musically inclined nineteen-year-old girl of Woodinville, Wash., who took to trapping last November to make money to pay her music lessons.

Miss Taylor made a reputation for herself as one of the most talented singers in Seattle during the winter of 1920, but her father found it necessary to abandon his city business for a small ranch in the country.

Miss Taylor was determined to help herself in the training and improvement of her voice. She had always known several men who had trapped

fur-bearing animals years ago. From them she got some pointers and tried out the scheme.

During November she caught several mink, some muskrat and an otter along the sloughs bordering Lake Washington. The old trappers showed her how to take off the pelts and dry them for the trade. A Seattle fur dealer paid her a good price for the catch, amounting to over \$50. In December she was bolder and doubled her earnings, and she related recently with great glee that during January she will have first grade pelts enough to bring her in more than \$200. Several farmers who had learned of her industry gave her pelts from predatory animals they had caught or shot about their buildings. Among her own catch is a cross fox, one of the first caught in recent years.

Every Wednesday and Saturday she goes to Seattle, twenty miles away, for her music lesson. Each lesson costs \$3.

LAUGHS

"All arrivals are washed," exclaimed the warden of the Pittsburg prison. "And if they kick up a fuss?" "Then they are ironed."

"I don't think your portrait is much like the original, old man." "Only once have I painted a portrait that was really like my sitter, and she sued me for libel afterward."

"You'll be a man like one of us some day," said the patronizing sportsman to a lad, who was throwing his line into the same stream. "Yes, sir," he answered, "I s'pose I will some day, but I b'lieve I'd rather stay small and ketch a few fish."

"Do you know," he said, "that every time I look at you I have thoughts of revenge?" "Why?" she gasped. Then he answered: "Because revenge is sweet," and she told him she thought tomorrow would be a good time to see papa.

Here is a remarkable excuse. A Wichita child, who had been absent from school, brought back the following excuse when she returned: "Dear Teacher: Please excuse Jennie. She was sick and had to stay home to do the washing and ironing."

Mother (in a very low voice)—Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something to cheer him up a bit? Tommy (in an earnest voice)—Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?

Little Boy—They won't ever get me to give another ten cents toward a present of a book for the teacher. Mother—What went wrong? Little Boy—We got the principal to select one for her, and he picked out one that was just crowded full of information, and she's been teachin' it to us ever since.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

KILLED IN A QUEER ACCIDENT

Mose Desmond, an American Negro, pianist at Murray's Club, London, was killed recently in a strange accident on the Northwestern Railway. A piece of flying metal caromed between two expresses passing each other at fifty miles an hour. It tore the sides and smashed the windows of the first carriage of each train. Twelve people were injured.

Desmond was sitting in a third class compartment beside Sir Arthur Steel Maitland, M. P., when the accident happened. The surgeon who was called said he believed a flying piece of glass had penetrated Desmond's side. It was believed the steel step of a tender fell off, was caught up by one of the trains and flung from side to side.

SAVED BY SNOWBANK IN AN 80-FOOT TUMBLE

Postmaster Joseph Liebeskind of Pine Brook near Caldwell, N. J., had a remarkable escape from death the other day. He fell from a cliff at the summit of Hook Mountain, landing in a fifteen-foot snow drift, a drop of nearly eighty feet. A neighbor passing along the road at the foot of the mountain saw the Postmaster fall and summoned others to aid in digging him out, for the man was in danger of being smothered.

The postmaster was on his way to visit a relative and took a short cut over the mountain. The wind had swept the summit clear of snow but left the surface slippery. He was making his way cautiously when he missed his footing.

There is a gradual slope of about 100 feet to the edge of the cliff. The postmaster tried to check his descent, but missed. He gained momentum as he neared the edge, and shot forward with such speed that he cleared the jagged rocks, which otherwise he must have struck.

Wilbur Colyer, the man who saw the incident, said Liebeskind disappeared from sight in the snowbank. Colyer and those he called to aid him plied shovels vigorously to get the victim out of his predicament.

Liebeskind was badly frightened, but after he got his "sea legs" was able to walk to the nearest house. There he was examined by a physician. It was found that he had not been severely injured.

TRIED HIS BEST TO COMMIT SUICIDE

James L. Smith, twenty-eight years of age, of Charlestown, W. Va., short order cook, was "certain" he would shuffle off this mortal coil. But he failed.

Equipped with a number of death-dealing instruments, Smith went to the Virginia Street Bridge, across Elk River, tired of life, and he admitted it. He could find no work and was destitute.

He saturated his clothing with gasoline and tied a small rope to one of the steel supports of the bridge. The other end he tied around his neck and took his position on a narrow railing.

Lighting a piece of paper at his feet, Smith figured he would be a burning mass within a

minute. With one hand he swallowed a small portion of antimony, a dangerous poison. With the other he held a 45-calibre automatic revolver.

As the poison trickled down his throat, he shuddered. The gun exploded. Instead of penetrating his brain, the bullet went wild and severed the rope around his neck.

Meanwhile his clothing caught fire. The successive shocks caused him to lose his balance and he tumbled into Elk River, a human torch.

The sudden immersion in the water acted as an antidote to the poison and extinguished the burning clothes. As Smith came to the surface he was seized with violent convulsions of the stomach. He ejected the poison.

Being a good swimmer, he succeeded in reaching the shore.

The burns and the poison will not prove fatal, physicians of St. Francis Hospital said. The patient will be able to leave the hospital within a week, they added.

HIGH POWER GLASSES DETECT STAMP FRAUDS

The bulk of the stamps which the non-collector sees have no intrinsic value, says the Scientific American. They retail for a cent or two apiece, but this merely covers the cost of handling them. There are perhaps 25,000 varieties from all over the world that have a true market value based on rarity and demand. Those costing less than a dollar are apt to be neglected as trash, as as we approach the \$100 class the market is of course limited. Nevertheless the real rarities, of which the known copies are numbered, come as high as \$5,000 and \$10,000, with plenty of buyers to absorb the limited offerings.

With such values and a free market fraud is bound to be attempted. Most counterfeits are made of whole cloth. But whether the design be reproduced with the aid of a camera or by hand engraving is will not correspond exactly with the original. With hand engraved counterfeits the expert examines the details of the stamp for points of divergence from the known genuine design. The photographic reproduction is more faithful in these matters, but usually differs from its original in the general effect of tone and shading, and often in size.

The expert has seen a number of counterfeits of any given stamp and often has a reference collection containing many of these. If the specimen under examination fails to identify itself with any familiar counterfeit it must either identify itself with the genuine stamp or display divergence that marks it as a "new" counterfeit. The examination is conducted under a glass that magnifies two or three diameters. The expert philatelist knows what sort of mistake the counterfeiter most easily makes and what sort he can himself best see, so he knows just about what to look for and what parts of the specimen to examine most carefully. His work is quickly completed, especially when carried on in the presence of a genuine copy.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

A PILOTLESS WARSHIP

A boat built by the French Navy during the war was controlled from an airplane. The construction of the control mechanism is described in a note appearing in a recent issue of *Electrical World*. This boat was patterned after a German pilotless boat which attacked a French pier. The German boat was driven by a gasoline motor and electrically controlled by means of a 30-mile one-conductor cable. The boat contained two gasoline motors such as are used on Zeppelins, operating twin-screw propellers capable of giving the boat a top speed of 40 knots per hour. Seven distinct operations of the engine and the rudder could be performed by means of the remote electric control. The control was essentially by means of a ratchet mechanism, a different number of ratchet impulses corresponding to certain actions of the boat. A small gasoline-electric generator set and a storage battery furnished the energy for the operation of the different motions. A special time relay was in series with each of the seven distinct positions, so that every one of the different operations was executed only after the contact-making ratchet mechanism stopped for a certain minimum time on a given position. In case of imminent danger to the boat an eighth position of the contact apparatus was provided for the self-destruction of the boat by ignition of its own charge.

MAROONED ON ISLAND SIX WEEKS

Marooned six weeks on an island within thirty-eight miles of Detroit, Mich., in the Detroit River, without food, fuel or adequate protection from the worst winter Michigan has known in twenty years is the experience of Isaac White, a former policeman.

White had two weeks' vacation and, as he told it, not having enough funds to go to Chicago or New York and enjoy the "sights," he decided to visit Sears Island and fish and hunt. He took a little more than a week's supply of food and fuel, as well as kerosene for lighting purposes with him. He figured, he said, that he could easily walk across the ice or hail a passing boat for a ride to the mainland and get supplies.

Seven days after he visited the island the worst cold spell of the winter set in and below zero weather so froze the river ice that the current broke it into huge chunks which became such a menace that all river navigation ceased, and that made it impossible for White to get to shore.

After two weeks his food and fuel gave out and for six more weeks he was obliged to live on fish he could spear through the ice and what game he could shoot. He was without light of any kind, and most of the time he had no fire, as matches were scarce and he did not dare to "waste" any.

After six weeks a boat ventured to the island in answer to distress signals and found White more dead than alive and brought him to Detroit. He says he intends to return to the island and live there the rest of the winter, but will take enough

provisions to last until spring. White asserts he can make more money trapping and hunting than he can in the city.

Six years ago he lost his left leg while, as a policeman, he attempted to stop a speeding autoist and the machine ran over him.

UNEARTH THE TOMB OF AZTEC WARRIOR

Two burial chambers in the large prehistoric community dwelling near Aztec, N. M., are reported by Earl H. Morris, in a letter given out recently at the Museum of Natural History, as the most interesting of numerous recent discoveries by museum workers engaged in the Archer M. Huntington archaeological survey of the Southwest. Mr. Morris has charge of the excavations.

"Beneath the debris adjacent to the famous Painted Room opened in 1920," he writes, "there has been found a second chamber, perfectly preserved in every detail. The pine and cedar beams in the smoke-browned ceiling are as sound as when the trees were felled, and on the wall-stones the marks of the quartzite pebbles with which they were faced are as bright and fresh as if the artisan who shaped the blocks, though dead these thousand years, had but yesterday gathered up his primitive tools and stepped out of the finished chamber.

"This room was the tomb of a warrior, who lay in solitary state against one wall immediately back of the recessed altar in the Painted Room. The body was that of a veritable giant over 6 feet 1 inch in height, who thus towered head and shoulders above the average men of his tribe of the village when he was in the prime of life, and in the height of his glory as well, if one may infer the esteem in which he was held by the excellence of his tomb and the number of his burial accompaniments.

"The mighty frame had been buried in a mantle of feather cloth and enshrouded with a mat of woven rush stems. Back of the body there were four magnificent pottery bowls, a cup and a basket. Upon the skull rested a large spherical vase with a neatly-fitting cover, both of them exquisitely wrought and ornamented. Within easy grasp of the right hand were the wooden handles of two stone battle axes, and by them a hafted knife of quartzite, as well as chips of flint and prongs of antler, the latter materials and implements for arrow making.

"A circular shield, three feet in diameter, unlike anything previously found in Pueblo ruins, covered the warrior from thighs to temples. It is an example of coiled basketry technique, but unusually thick and strong. The outer surface had been coated with gum and thickly spangled with flakes of mica. When held in the sunlight, due to the numberless reflecting surfaces, the great disk would have shone with dazzling brilliance, perhaps sufficiently intense to have confused the vision of the archer who sought to drive his arrow through the shield to the living flesh behind it."

HORSES SLEEP STANDING UP

Horses seldom lie down to sleep. Throughout their entire lives most of them sleep while standing on their feet. The reason for this is believed to be that the horses are afraid that an insect might crawl into their nostrils. This is a very likely explanation when we consider that a horse's nostrils are the most sensitive part of its body, says Popular Science Monthly. If the insect could not be removed it could easily irritate a horse to death. Many horses will not lie down because they have once been "foundered," that is, unable to get up unassisted.

Another curious fact about a sleeping horse is that it seems always to keep its faculties working. Its ears, for instance, keep constantly twitching and the animal seems to hear the slightest noise. Because of this it would probably be impossible for a man to enter a stable quietly enough to prevent his waking up every horse in it. Horses act peculiarly also in time of fire. They will burn to death rather than rush out from the stalls.

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mass of rocks
nearly three miles
in girt rising to
a height of 900
feet above the
sea, in the Bay of
Plenty, and is
perpetually en-
veloped in a dark
cloud which is
visible for nearly
100 miles. In
fact, White Is-
land, which is
shaped somewhat
like a hollow
tooth, is the cra-
ter of a volcano,
and it is the be-
ginning of what
is called the Tau-
po Zone, some of
the volcanoes of
this zone being
under water. The
clouds which en-
velop the island
are caused by the
steam from the
hot springs which
boil around the
edge of the lake
in the center of
the island. The
whole island is
perpetually mak-
ing and deposit-
ing sulphur, and
its already limit-
less deposit of
high grade sul-
phur, which has
accumulated
through the ages,
is destined to
make the island
famous from a
commercial point
of view, though
for many years it
has been classed
as merely one of
New Zealand's
scenic wonders.
The lake in the
center of the is-
land is fringed
with bright yel-
low deposits, for
hot springs for-
ever bubble on the
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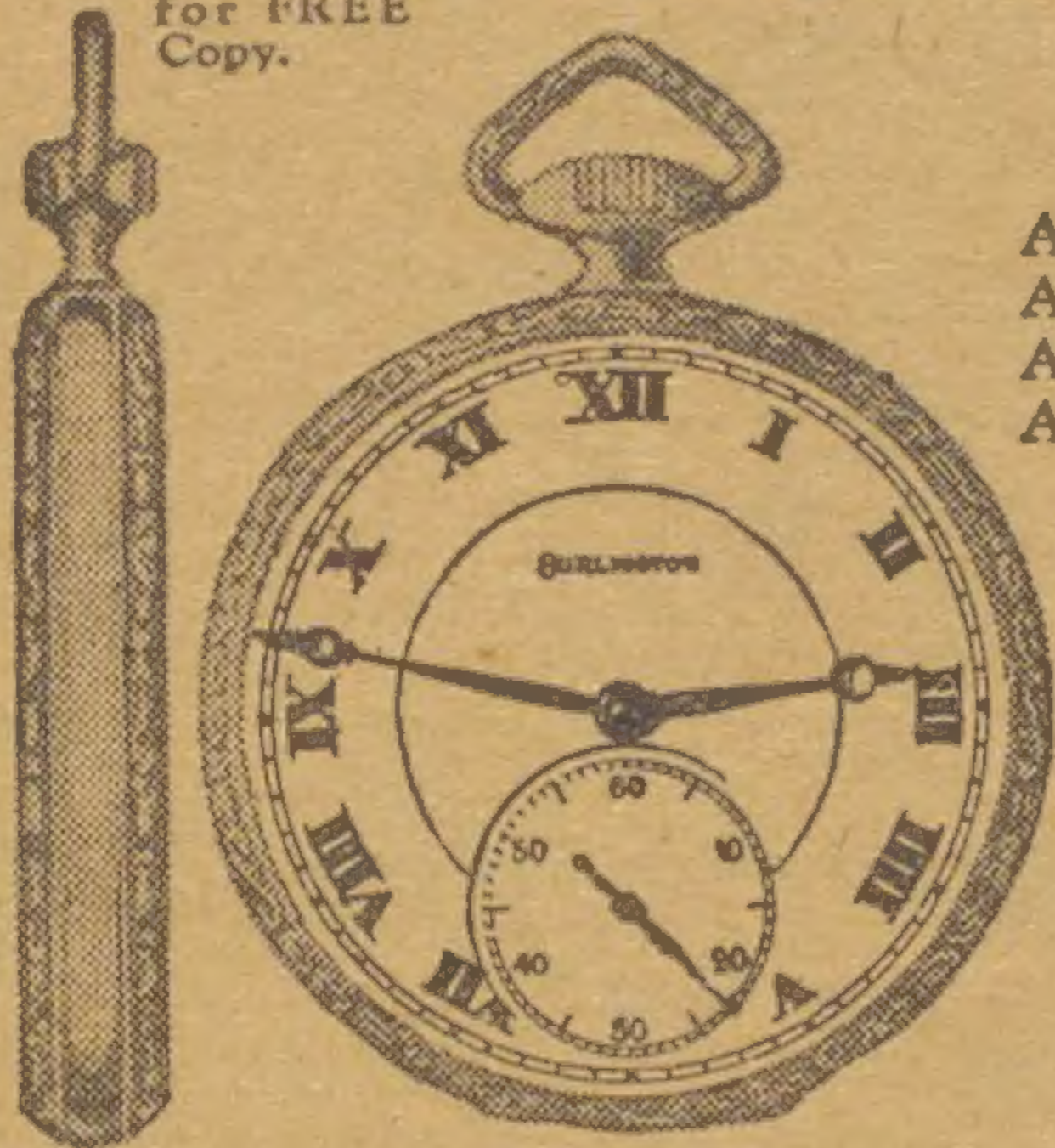
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